

Wlio THE *Luidjay* 172
Gentle Shepherd ;
A
SCOTS
Pastoral Comedy.

By ALLAN RAMSAY.

Carefully Corrected according to the *Edinburgh* Copy.

*The Gentle Shepherd sat besides a spring,
All in the Shadow of a bushy Brier,
That Colin hight, which well cou'd pipe and sing,
For he of Tityrus his Songs did lere.*

SPENCER, p. 1113.



DUBLIN:

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West side of the River, near the Temple.



T O

The Right Honourable,

SUSANNA,

Countess of EGLINTON.

MADAM,

THE Love of Approbation, and a Desire to please the best, have ever encouraged the *Poets* to finish their Designs with Chearfulness. But conscious of their own Inability to oppose a Storm of Spleen, and haughty ill Nature, it is generally an ingenious Custom amongst them to chuse some honourable Shade.

WHEREFORE I beg Leave to put my *Pastoral* under your *Ladyship's* Protection; if my *Patroness* says, the *Shepherds* speak as they ought, and that there are several natural Flowers that beautify the rural Wild, I shall have good Reason to think my self safe from the awkward Censure of some pretending Judges that condemn before Examination.

A 2

I

I am sure of vast Numbers that will croud in-
to your *Ladyship's* Opinion, and think it their
Honour to agree in their Sentiments with the
Countess of ECLINTON, whose Penetration,
superior Wit, and sound Judgment, shines with
an uncommon Lustre, while accompany'd with
all the diviner Charms of Goodness and Equality
of Mind.

If it were not for offending only your *Ladyship*, here, Madam, I might give the fullest Liberty to my Muse to delineate the finest of Women, by drawing your *Ladyship's* Character, and be in no Hazard of being deemed a Flatterer; since Flattery lies not in paying what's due to Merit, but in Praises misplaced.

WERE I to begin with your *Ladyship's* honourable Birth and Alliance, the Field's ample, and presents us with numberless, great and good Patriots, that have dignified the Names of *KEN-NEDY* and *MONTGOMERY*; be that the Care of the Herald and Historian. 'Tis personal Merit, and the heavenly Sweetness of the Fair that inspire the tuneful Lays. Here every *Lesbia* must be excepted, whose Tongues give Liberty to the Slaves, which their Eyes had made Captives. Such may be flatter'd; but your *Ladyship* justly claims our Admiration and profoundest Respect: For whilst you are possess'd of every outward Charm in the most perfect Degree, the never fading Beauties of Wisdom and Piety, which adorn your *Ladyship's* Mind, command Devotion.

ALL this is very true, cries a Sour-plum of better Sense than good Nature ; but what occasion have you to tell us the Sun shines, when we have the Use of our Eyes, and feel his Influence ?----Very true ; but I have the Liberty to use the Poet's Priviledge, which is, *To speak what every Body thinks*. Indeed there might be some Strength in the Reflection, if the *Idalian* Registers were of as short Duration as Life : But the Bard, who fondly hopes Immortality, has a certain Praise-worthy Pleasure, in communicating to Posterity the Fame of distinguished Characters.----I write this last Sentence, with a Hand that trembles between Hope and Fear ; but if I shall prove so happy as to please your *Ladyship* in the following Attempt, then all my Doubts shall vanish like a Morning Vapour ; I shall hope to be class'd with *Tasso* and *Guarini*, and sing with *Ovid*,

*If 'tis allow'd to Poets to divine,
One half of round Eternity is mine.*

M A D A M,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient,

And most devoted Servant.

Edinburgh, June
1725.

ALLAN RAMSAY.



The P E R S O N S.

Sir WILLIAM WORTHY.

PATIE, *The Gentle Shepherd, in love with*
Peggy.

ROGER, *a rich young Shepherd, in love with*
Jenny.

SYMON, } *Two old Shepherds, Tenants to Sir*
GLAUD, } *William.*

BAULDY, *a Hynd, engaged with Neps.*

W O M E N.

PEGGY, *thought to be Glaud's Niece.*

JENNY, *Glaud's only Daughter.*

MAUSE, *an old Woman, supposed to be a Witch.*

ELSPA, *Symon's Wife.*

MADGE, *Glaud's Sister.*

SCENE, *a Shepherd's Village and Fields some*
few Miles from Edinburgh.

Time of Action, *within Twenty Hours.*

First Act, *begins at Eight in the Morning.*

Second Act, *begins at Eleven Forenoon.*

Third Act, *begins at Four Afternoon.*

Fourth Act, *begins at Nine-a-Clock at Night.*

Fifth Act, *begins by Day-light next Morning.*

T H E



T H E
Gentle Shepherd.
A
Pastoral Comedy.

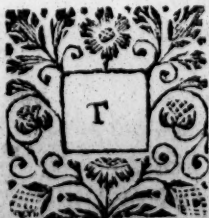
A C T I. S C E N E I.

P R O L O G U E to the S C E N E.

*Beneath the South-side of a Craigy Beild,
Where Christal Springs the haleſom Waters yield,
Twa youthful Shepherds on the Gowans ly,
Tenting their Flocks ae bonny Morn of May.
Poor ROGER granes till hollow Echos ring;
But blyther PATIE likes to laugh and ſing.*

P A T I E and R O G E R.

P A T I E.



HIS funny Morning, Roger, clears my
Blood,
And puts all Nature in a jovial Mood.
How hartſome is't to ſee the riſing Plants;
To hear the Birds chirm o'er their pleaſing
Rants?

How haleſome 'tis to ſnuff the cawler Air,
And all the Sweets it bears, when void of Care.

A 4

What

The Gentle Shepherd.

What ails thee, *Roger*, then? what gars thee grane?
Tell me the Cause of thy ill season'd Pain.

Rog. I'm born, O *Patie*, to a thrawart Fate!
I'm born to strive with Hardships sad and great.
Tempests may cease to jaw the rowan Flood,
Corbies and Tods to grein for Lambkins Blood:
But I, oppress'd with never ending Grief,
Maun ay despair of lighting on Relief.

Pat. The Bees shall loath the Flower, and quit the Hive,
The Saughs on Boggie Ground shall cease to thrive,
E'er scornful Queens, or Loss of Warldly Gear,
Shall spill my Rest, or ever force a Tear.

Rog. Sae might I say; but it's no easy done
By ane whase Saul is sadly out of Tune.
You have sae saft a Voice, and slid a Tongue,
You are the Darling of baith Auld and Young.
If I but ettle at a Sang, or Speak,
They dit their Lugs, syne-up their Leglens cleek;
And jeer me hameward frae the Loan or Bught,
While I'm confus'd with mony a vexing Thought:
Yet I am tall, and as well built as thee,
Nor mair unlikely to a Lass's Eye.

For ilka Sheep ye have, I'll number Ten,
And should, as ane may think, come farer ben.

Pat. But ablins, Nibour, ye have not a Heart,
And downaeithly wi' your Cunzie part.
If that be true, what signifies your Gear?
A Mind that's scrimpit never wants some Care.

Rog. My Byar tumbled, nine brow Nowt were smoor'd;
Three Elf-shot were, yet I these Ills endur'd:
In Winter last, my Cares were very sma,
Tho' Scores of Wather's perish'd in the Snaw.

Pat. Were your bein' Rooms as thinly stock'd as mine,
Lefs you wad loss, and lefs you wad repine.
He that has just enough, can soundly sleep:
The O'ercome only fashes Fowk to keep.

Rog. May Plenty flow upon thee for a Cross,
That thou mayst thole the Pangs of mony a Loss!
O mayst thou doat on some fair paughty Wench,
That ne'er will lout thy lowan Drouth to quench,

'Till bris'd beneath the Burden, thou cry Dool,
And awn that ane may fret that is nae Fool!

Pat. Sax good fat Lambs, I fauld them ilka Clute
At the *West-port*, and bought a winsome Flute,
Of Plum-tree made, with Iv'ry Virles round;
A dainty Whistle, with a pleasant Sound:
I'll be mair canty wi't, and neer cry Dool,
Than you with all your Cash, ye dowie Fool.

Rog. Na *Patie*, na! I'm na sic churlish Beast,
Some other things lyes heavier at my Breast:
I dream'd a dreary Dream this hinder Night
That gars my Flesh a' creep yet with the Fright.

Pat. Now to a Friend, how silly's this Pretence,
To ane wha you and a' your Secrets kens?
Daft are your Dreams, as daftly wad ye hide
Your well seen Love, and dorty *Fenny's* Pride.
Take Courage, *Roger*, me your Sorrows tell,
And safely think nane kensthem but your fell.

Rog. Indeed now, *Patie*, ye have guesst o'er true,
And there is naithing I'll keep up frae you.
Me dorty *Fenny* looks upon a-squint;
To speak but till her I dare hardly mint.
In ilka Place she jears me air and late,
And gars me look bombaz'd and unko blate:
But Yesterday I met her yont a Know,
She fled as frae a Shelly-coated Kow.
She *Bauldy* loes, *Bauldy* that drives the Car,
But gecks at me, and says, I smell of Tar.

Pat. But *Bauldy* loes not her, right well I wat,
He sighs for *Neps*,—sae that may stand for that.

Rog. I wish I cou'd na loo her:—But in vain,
I still maun doat, and thole her proud Disdain.

My *Bawty* is a Cur I dearly like,
Till he yowld fair she strake the poor dumb Tyke.
If I had fill'd a Nook within her Breast,
She wad have shawn mair Kindness to my Beast.
When I begin to tune my Stock and Horn
With a' her Face she shaws a caulrife Scorn.
Last Night I play'd, ye never heard sic Spite;
O'er *Bogie* was the Spring, and her Delyte:

Yet

Yet tauntingly she at her Cusin spear'd,
 Gif she could tell what Tune I play'd, and sneer'd.
 Flocks wander where yelike, I dinna Care,
 I'll break my Reed, and never whistle mair.

Pat. E'en do sae, *Roger*, wha can help Misluck,
 Saebeins she be sick a Thrawin-gabet Chuck?
 Yonder's a Craig, since ye have tint all Hope,
 Gae till't your ways, and take the Lover's Lowp.

Rog. I need na mak sic Speed my Blood to spill,
 I'll warrant Death come soon enough a Will.

Pat. Datt Gowk! leave off that silly whinging Way,
 Seem careless, there's my Hand ye'll win the Day.
 Hear how I serv'd my Lafs, I love as well
 As ye do *Fenny*, and with Heart as leel.
 Last Morning I was gay and early out,
 Upon a Dike I lean'd, glowering about
 I saw my *Meg* come linkan o'er the Lee;
 I saw my *Meg*, but *Peggy* saw na me:
 For yet the Sun was wading throw the Mist,
 And she was close upon mee'er she wist.
 Her Coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
 Her straight bare Legs that whyter were than Snaw.
 Her Cockernony snooded up fou sleek,
 Her Haffet Lockshang waving on her Cheek;
 Her Cheek sae ruddy, and her Een sae clear;
 And O! her Mouth's like ony Hinnie Pear.
 Neat, neat she was, in Bustine Wafte-coat clean,
 As she came skiffing o'er the Dewy Green.
 Blythsome, I cry'd, my bony *Meg* come here,
 I ferly wherfore ye're sae soon asteer:
 But I can guess, ye'er gawn to gather Dew:
 She scour'd awa, and said, What's that to you?
 Then fare ye well, *Meg-Dorts*, and e'en's yelyke,
 I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the Dyke.
 I trow, when that she saw, with in a Crack,
 She came with a right thievies Errand back;
 Miscaw'd me first,—then bad me hound my Dog
 To wear up three waff Ews stray'd on the Bog.
 I leugh, and sae did she; then with great Haste,
 I clasp'd my Arms about her Neck and Waist,

The Gentle Shepherd.

5

About her yielding Waist, and took a Fouth
Of sweetest Kisses frae her glowing Mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my Grips,
My very Saul cam lowping to my Lips.
Sair sair she flet wi' me, 'tween ilka Smack ;
But well I kend she meant nae as she spake.
Dear Roger, when your Jo puts on her Gloom,
Do ye fae too, and never fash your Thumb.
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her Mood:
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

Rog. Kind Patie, now fair fa your honest Heart,
Ye're ay fae cadgy, and have sic an Art
To hearten ane : For now as clean's a Leek,
Ye've cherish't me since ye began to speak.
Sae for your Pains, I'll mak ye a Propine,
My Mother, rest her Saul, she made it fine ;
A Tartan Plaid, spun of good Hawstock Woo,
Scarlet and Green the Sets, the Borders Biew:
With Sprains like Gowd, and filler cross'd with Black ;
I never had it yet upon my Back.
Well are ye wordy o't, wha have fae kind
Red up my revel'd Doubts, and clear'd my Mind.

Pat. Well hald ye there ; ---and since ye've frankly made
A Present to me of your braw new Plaid,
My Flute's be yours, and she too that's fae nice
Shall come a Will, gif ye'll take my Advice.

Rog. As ye advise, I'll promise to observe't ;
But ye maun keep the Flute, ye best deserv't.
Now tak it out, and gie's a bony Spring ;
For I'm in Tift to hear you play and sing.

Pat. But first we'll take a Turn up to the Height,
And see gif all our Flocks be feeding right.
Be that Time, Bannocks, and a Shave of Cheese
Will make a Breakfast that a Laird might please,
Might please the daintiest Gabs, were they fae wise,
To season Meat with Health instead of Spice.
When we have tane the Grace-Drink at this Well,
I'll whistle fine and sing t'ye like my fell.

Exeunt.

A C T



ACT I. SCENE II.

PROLOGUE,

*A flowrie Hown between twa verdent Braes,
Where Lasses use to wash and spread their Claiths,
A trotting Burnie wimpling throw the Ground.
Its Channel Peebles, shining smooth and round,
Here view twa barefoot Beauties clean and clear;
First please your Eye; next gratifie your Ear,
While FENNY what she wishes discommends,
And MEG with better Sense true Love defends.*

PEGGY and FENNY.

Fen. **C**OME, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this Green,
The shining Day will bleech our Linning clean;
The Waters clear, the Lift unclouded blew,
Will makethem like a Lilly wet with Dew.

Peg. Go farer up the Burn to *Habie's-How*,
Where a' that's sweet in Spring and Summer grow:
Between twa Birks out o'er a little Lin
The Water fa's, and makes a sing and Din:
A Pool Breast-deep, beneath as clear as Glas,
Kisses with ealy Whirles the bordering Grass.
We'll end our Washing while the Morning's cool,
And when the Day grows het, we'll to the Pool,
There wash our fells.—'Tis healthfou now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a Day.

Fen. Daft Lassie, when we'er naked, what'll ye say
Gif our twa Herds come bratling down the Brae,
And see us sae? That jeering Fallow Pate
Wad taunting say, haith Lasses ye'er no blate.

Peg. We'er far frae ony Road, and out of Sight;
The Lads they're feeding far beyont the Hight:

But

But tell me now, dear *Fenny*, we're our lane,
What gars ye plague your Woodeer with Disdain?
The Neighbours a' tent this as well as I,
That *Roger* loos you, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best Day e're ye saw.

Fen. I dinna like him, *Peggy*, there's an End,
A *Herd* mair Sheepish yet I never kend.
He karnes his Hair indeed, and gaes right snug,
With Ribon Knots at his blew Bonnet Lug;
Whilk pensylie he wears a thought a jee,
And spreads his Garters dice'd beneath his Knee.
He falds his Owrelay down his Breast with Care,
And few gangs trigger to the Kirk or Fair.
For a' that he can neither sing nor say,
Except, *How d'ye*, — or, *There's a bony Day*.

Peg. Ye dash the Lad with constant flighting Pride;
Hatred for Love is unko fair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his Love grow cauld.
What's like a dorty Maiden when she's auld?
Like dawted Wean, that tarrows at its Meat,
That for some feckleless Whim will orp and greet.
The Lave laugh at it, till the Dinner's past,
And syne the Fool Thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or scart anither's Leavings at the last.
Fy *Fenny* think, and dinna fit your Time.

Fen. I never thought a single Life a Crime.

Peg. Nor I. — But Love in Whispers lets us ken,
That Men were made for us, and we for Men.

Fen. If *Roger* is my Jo, he kens himsel;
For sic a Tale I never heard him tell.
He glows and sighs, and I can guess the Cause:
But wha's oblig'd to spell his Hums and Haws?
When e'er he likes to tell his Mind mair plain,
I'll tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're Fools that Slavery like, and may be free:
The Chiels may a' knit up themselves for me.

Peg. Be doing your Ways; for me I have a Mind
To be as yielding as my *Parie*'s kind.

Fen. Heh Lals! How can ye loo that Rattle-scul?
A very Deel that ay maun hae his Will.

We'll

We'll soon hear tell what a poor feightan Life
You twa will lead sae soon's ye're Man and Wife.

Peg. I'll rin the Risk, nor have I ony Fear,
But rather think ilk langsome Day a Year,
'Till I, with Pleasure, mount my Bridal Bed;
Where on my *Patie's* Breast I'll lean my Head.
There we may kifs, as lang as Kissing's good;
And what we do, there's nane dare call it rude.
He's get his Will: Why no? 'Tis good my Part
To give him that, and he'll give me his Heart.

Fen. He may indeed for Ten or Fifteen Days
Mak meikle o'ye, with an unko Fraise,
And daut ye baith afore Fowk, and your lane:
But soon as his New-fangleness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his Tether-stake,
And think he's tint his Freedom for your Sake.
Instead then of lang Days of sweet Delyte,
Ae Day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll Flyte:
And may be, in his Barlikhoods ne'er stick
To lend his loving Wife a loundering Lick.

Peg. Sic Course-spun Thoughts as thae want Pith to move
My settl'd Mind, I'm o'er far gane in Love.

Patie to me is dearer than my Breath,
But want of him I dread nae other Skaith.
There's nane of a' the *Herd's* that tread the Green
Has sic a Smyle, or sic twa glancing Een.
And then he speaks with sic a taking Art,
His Words they thirlelike Musick throw my Heart.
How blythly can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at little Fears that fright the lave.
Ilk Day that he's alane upon the Hill,
He reads tell Books that teach him meikle Skill.

He is: — But what need I say that or this,
I'd spend a Month to tell you what he is!
In a' he says or does, there's sic a Gate,
The rest seem Coofs compar'd with my dear *Pate*.
His better Sense will lang his Love secure:
Ill Nature heffs in Sauls are weak and poor.

Fen. Hey bony Lafs of *Branksome*, or't be lang,
Your witty *Pate* will put you in a Sang.

O 'tis a pleasant Thing to be a Bride;
 Syne whindging Gets about your Ingle-side,
 Yelping for this or that with fasheous Din:
 To mak them Brats then ye maun toil and spin.
 Ae We an fa's sick, ane scads its sell wi' Broe,
 Anebreaks his Shin, anither tynes his Shoe.
 The Deil gaes o'er *John Wobster*: Hame grows Hell;
 When *Pate* miscaws ye war than Tongue can tell.

Peg. Yes its a hartsome Thing to be a Wife,
 When round the Ingle-edge young Sprouts are rise.
 Gif I'm sae happy, I shall have Delight
 To hear their little Plaints and keep them right.
 Wow *Fenny* can th ere greater Pleasure be
 Than see sic wee Tots toolying at your Knee;
 When a' they ettle at,—their greatest Wish,
 Is to be made of, and obtain a Kifs?
 Can there be Toil in tenting Day and Night
 The like of them, when Love makes Care Delight.

Fen. But Poortith *Peggy* is the warst of a',
 Gif o'er your Heads ill Chance shou'd Beggery draw.
 Therelittle Love or canty Chear can come,
 Frae dudy Doublets, and a Pantry toom:
 Your Nowt may die,—the Spate may bear away
 Frae aff the Howms your dainty Rucks of Hay.—
 The thick blawn Wreaths of Snaw, or blasby Thows,
 May smoor your Wathers, and may rot your Ews.
 A Dyvor buyes your Butter, Woo and Cheese,
 But or the Day of Payment breaks and flees.
 With glooman Brow the Laird seeks in his Rent:
 'Tis no to gie; your Merchant's to the Bent,
 His Honour manna want, he poinds your Gear:
 Syne driven frae House and Hald, where will ye steer?
 Dear *Meg* be wise, and live a single Life:
 Troth it's nae Mows to be a married Wife.

Peg. May sic ill Luck befa' that silly She
 Wha has sic Fears, for that was never me.
 Let Fowk bode well, and strive to do their best;
 Nae mair's requir'd, let Heaven make out the rest.
 I've heard my honest Uncle aften say,
 That Lads should a' for Wives that's vertuous pray:

For the maist thrifty Man cou'd never get
 A well stor'd Room unless his Wife wad let:
 Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my Part
 To gather Wealth to raise my Shepherd's Heart.
 What e'er he wins, I'll guide with canny Care,
 And win the Vogue at Market, Tron or Fair,
 For hale some, clean, cheap and sufficient Ware.
 A Flock of Lambs, Cheefe, Butter, and some Woo,
 Shall first be said to pay the *Laird* his due.
 Syne a' behind's our ain;—thus without Fear,
 With Love and Rowth we throw the Warld will steer:
 And when my *Pate* in Bairns and Gear grows rise,
 He'll blefs the Day he gat me for his Wife.

Jen. But what if some young Giglit on the Green,
 With dimpled Cheeks and twa bewitching Een,
 Should gar your *Patie* think his haf-worn *Meg*,
 And her kend Kisses hardly worth a Feg.

Peg. Nae mair of that,—Dear *Jenny*, to be free,
 There's some Men constanter in Love than we:
 Nor is the Ferly great, when Nature Kind
 Has blest them with Solidity of Mind.
 They'll reason caumly, and with Kindness smile,
 When our short Passions wad our Peace beguile:
 Sae whenso'er they slight their Maiks at Hame,
 'Tis Ten to Ane the Wives are maist to blame.
 Then I'll employ with Pleasure a' my Art
 To keep him chearfu', and secure his Heart.
 At Even when he comes weary frae the Hill,
 I'll have a' Things made ready to his Will.
 In Winter when he Toils throw Wind and Rain,
 A bleezing Ingle, and a clean Hearth-stane.
 And soon as he flings by his Plaid and Staff,
 The Seething Pot's be ready to tak aff.
 Clean Hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his Boord,
 And serve him with the best we can afford.
 Good Humour and white Bigoners shall be,
 Guards to my Face to keep his Love for me.

Jen. A Dish of married Love right soon grows cauld,
 And dozens down to nane as Fowk grow auld.

Peg. But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find
The Loss of Youth when Love grows on the Mind.
Bairns and their Bairns make sure a firmer Tye,
Than ought in Love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa Elms that grow up Side by Side;
Suppose them some Years syne Bridegroom and Bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka Year they've preft,
Till wide their spreading Branches are increast,
And in their Mixture now are fully blest.
This shields the other frae the Eastlin Blast,
That in Return defends it frae the West.
Sic as stand single, — a State sae lyk'd by you!
Beneath ilk Storm, frae ev'ry Airth maun bow.

Fen. I've done, — I yield, dear Lassie, I maun yield,
Your better Sense has fairly won the Field,
With the Assistance of a little Fae
Lyes darn'd within my Breast this mony a Day.

Peg. Alake! poor Prisoner! *Fenny*, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wie Thing take the Air:
Haste let him out, we'll tent as well's we can,
Gif he be *Bauldy's* or poor *Roger's* Man.

Fen. Anither Time's as good — for see the Sun
Is right far up, and we're no yet begun
To freath the Graith; — it canker'd *Madge* our Aunt
Come up the Burn, she'll gie's a wicked Rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my Mind;
For this seems true, — nae Lafs can be unkind.

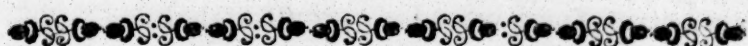
[Ext.]

End of the First ACT.



B

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*A snug Thack House, before the Door a Green;
Hens on the Middling, Ducks in Dubs are seen.
On this Side stands a Barn, on that a Bayer:
A Peet-stack joins, and forms a rural Squair.
The House is GLAUD's;---there you may see him lean,
And to his Divet-Seat invite his Friend.*

GLAUD and SYMON.

Gl. **G**OOD morrow, Nibour Symon,—come sit down,
And gie's your Cracks.—What's a' the News in
They tell me ye was in the ither Day, [Town?
And seld your Crummock, and her bassend Quey.
I'll warrant ye've coft a Pund of Cut and Dry;
Lug out your Box, and gie's a Pipe to try.

Sym. With a' my Heart;—and tent me now, auld Boy,
I've gather'd News will kittle your Mind with Joy.
I cou'dna rest till I came o'er the Burn,
To tell ye things have taken sic a Turn,
Will gar our vile Oppressors stend like Flaes,
And skulk in Hidlings on the Hether Braes.

Glaud. Fy blaw!—Ah Symmie! ratling Chiels ne'er stand
To cleck and spread the grossest Lies aff Hand,
Whilk soon flies round like Will-fire far and near;
But loose your Poke, be't true or fause, let's hear.

Sym. Seeing's believing, Glaud, and I have seen
Hab, that Abroad has with our Master been,
Our brave good Master, wha right wisely fled,
And left a fair Estate to save his Head,
Because yeken fou well he bravely chose
To shine, or set in Glory with MONTROSE.
Now Cromwell's ganeto Nick; and ane ca'd MONK,
Has plaid the Rumples a right slec Begunk;

Restor'd

Restor'd King CHARLES, and ilka Thing's in Tune ;
And *Habby* says, we'll see Sir WILLIAM soon.

Glaud. That maks me blyth indeed :—but-dinna flaw,
Tell o'er your News again ! and swear til't a'.
And saw ye *Hab* ! And what did *Halbert* say ?
They have been e'en a dreary Time away.
Now God be thanked that our Laird's come Hame,
And his Estate, say, can he eithly claim ?

Sym. They that Hag-raid us till our Guts did grane,
Like greedy Bairs, dare nae mair do't again,
And good Sir *William* shall enjoy his ain.

Glaud. And may he lang, for never did he stent
Us in our Thriving with a racket Rent ;
Nor grumbled if ane grew rich, or shor'd to raise
Our Mailens, when we pat on *Sunday*'s Claiths.

Sym. Nor wad he lang, with senseless saucy Air,
Allow our lyart Noddles to be bare.

“ Put on your Bonnet, *Symon* ;—tak a Seat.—

“ How's all at Hame ?—How's *Elspa* ?—How does *Kate* ?—

“ How sells black Cattle ?—What gies Woo this Year ?—

And sic like kindly Questions wad he spear.

Glaud. Then wad he gar his *Butler* bring bedeen
The Nappy Bottle ben, and Glasses clean,
Whilk in our Breast rais'd sic a blythsome Flame,
As gart me mony a Time gae dancing Hame.
My Heart's e'en rais'd !—Dear Nibour will ye stay,
And tak your Dinner here with me the Day.
We'll send for *Elspith* too,—and upo' Sight,
I'll whistle *Pate* and *Roger* frae the Height.
I'll yoke my Sled, and send to theneist Town,
And bring a Draught of Ale, baith stout and brown,
And gar our Cottars a', Man, Wife and Wean
Drink till they tine the Gate to stand their lane.

Sym. I wadna bauk my Friend his blyth Design,
Gif that it hadna first of a' been mine :
For heer-yestreen I brew'd a Bow of Maut,
Yestreen I slew twa Wathers prime and fat ;
A Furlet of good Cakes my *Elspa* beuk,
And a large Ham hings reeasting in the Nook.
I saw my sell, or I came o'er the Loan,

Our meikle Pot that scads the Whey put on,
 A Mutton Bouk to boil;—and aye we'll roast;
 And on the Haggies *Elspa* spares nae Cost.
 Small are they shorn; and she can mix fou nice
 The gusty Ingans with a Curn of Spice.
 Fat are the Puddings,—Heads and Feet well sung;
 And we've invited Nibours auld and young,
 To pass this Afternoon with Glee and Game,
 And drink our *Master's* Health and Welcome-hame.
 Ye manna then refuse to join therest,
 Since ye're my nearest Friend that I like best.
 Bring wi' ye all your Family, and then,
 When ere you please, I'll rant wi' you again.

Glaud. Spoke like ye'r sell, Auld-birky, never fear
 But at your Banquet I shall first appear:
 Faith we shall bend the Bicker and look bauld,
 Till we forget that we are fail'd or auld.
 Auld said I!—Troth I'm younger be a Score
 With your good News than what I was before.
 I'll dance or Een! Hey, *Madge*, come forth, d'ye hear.

Enter Madge.

Madge. The Man's ganegyte! Dear *Symon* welcome here,
 What wad you *Glaud*, with a' this Haste and Din?
 Ye never let a Body sit to spin.

Gl. Spin! Snuf—Gae break your Wheel and burn your
 And set the meiklest Peet-stack in a Low. [Tow,
 Syne dance about the Bane-fire till ye die,
 Since now again we'll soon Sir *William* see.

Madge. Blyth News indeed!--And wha was tald you o't.

Glaud. What's that t'you;--gae get my *Sunday's* Coat;
 Wale out the whytest of my bobit Bands,
 My Whyt-skin Hose, and Mittans for my Hands;
 Then frae their Washing cry the Bairns in Haste,
 And mak ye'r sells as trig, Head, Feet and Waist,
 As ye were a' to get young Lads or Een;
 For we're gaun o'er to dine with *Sym* bedeem.

Sym. Do honest *Madge*,—and *Glaud* I'll o'er the Gate,
 And see that a' be done as I wad ha't.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T



ACT II. SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*The open Field. — A Cotage in a Glen,
An auld Wife spinning at the sunny End. —
At a small distance, by a blasted Tree,
With falded Arms, and haiff rais'd Look ye see.*

Bauldy his lane.

B. **W**HAT's this! — I canna bear't! 'Tis war than Hell;
To be sae brunt with Love, yet darna tell!
O Peggy, sweeter than the dawning Day,
Sweeter than gowany Glens or new Mawn Hay:
Blyther than Lambs that frisk out o'er the Knows,
Straighter than ought that in the Forest grows:
Her Een the clearest Blob of Dew outshines;
The Lilly in her Breast its Beauty tines.
Her Legs, her Arms, her Cheeks, her Mouth, her Een,
Will be my Dead, that will be shortly seen!
For Pateloeshes her, — waes me, and she loes Pate;
And I with Neps, by some unlucky Fate,
Made a daft Vow! — O but ane be a Beast,
That makes rash Aiths till he's afore the Priest.
I darena speak my Mind, else a' the three,
But Doubt wad prove ilk ane my Enemy.
'Tis fair to thole, — I'll try some Witchcraft Art,
To break with ane, and win the other's Heart.
Here Maufy lives, a Witch that for sma Price,
Can cast her Cantraips, and give me Advice.
She can o'er cast the Night, and cloud the Moon,
And mak the Deils obedient to her Crune.
At Midnight Hours, o'er the Kirk-yards she raves,
And howks uncristen'd Weans out of their Graves;
Boils up their Livers in a Warlock's Pow;
Rins wither shins about the Hemlock Low;

And seven Times does her Prayers backward pray,
 Till Plotcock comes with Lumps of *Lapland* Clay,
 Mixt with the Venom of black Tails and Snakes.
 Of this unsonsy Picturesaft she makes
 Of ony ane she hates; — and garse expire
 With flaw and racking Pains afore a Fire,
 Stuck fou of Prines, the devilish Pictures melt,
 The Pain by Fowk they represent is felt.
 And yonder's *Mause*: Ay, ay, she kens fou weil
 When ane like me comes rinnin' to the Deil.
 She and her Cat sit beeking in her Yard,
 To speak my Errand, faith amais't I'm fear'd:
 Bnt I maun do't tho' I should never thrive;
 They gallop fast that Deels and Lasses drive.

[Exit.



A C T II. S C E N E III.

P R O L O G U E.

*A green Kail Yard, a little Fount,
 Where Water popilan springs,
 There sits a Wife with Wrinkle-front,
 And yet she spins and sings.*

Mause sings.

PEGGY, now the King's come,
 Peggy, now the King's come,
 Thou may dance and I shall sing,
 Peggy, since the King's come:
 Nae mair the Hawkys shalt thou milk,
 But change thy Plaiding Coat for silk,
 And be a Lady of that ilk,
 Now, Peggy, since the King's come.

Enter Bauldy.

Baul. **H**O W does auld honest Lucky of the Glen,
 Ye look baith hale and rash at threescore ten.

Mause.

Mause. E'en twining out a Threed with little Din,
And beeking my cauld Limbs afore the Sun.
What brings my Bairn this Gate sae air at Morn?
Is there nae Muck to lead,--to Thresh nae Corn?

Baul. Enough of Baith:--- But something that requires
Your helping Hand imploys now all my Cares.

Mause. My helping Hand, alake! what can I do
That underneath baith Eild and Poortith bow?

Baul. Ay but you're wise, and wiser far than we,
Or maist Part of the Parish tells a Lie.

Mause. Of what Kind Wisdom think ye I'm possess,
That lifts my Character aboon the rest?

Baul. Well vers'd in Herbs and Seasons of the Moon,
By skilfu' Charms 'tis kend what ye have done.

Mause. What Fowk says of me, *Bauldy*, let me hear;
Keep naithing up, ye naithing have to fear?

Baul. Well since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about you, but a Flaw.
When last the Wind made *Glaud* a Roofless Barn,
When last the Burn boredown my *Mither's* Yarn,
When *Brawny* Elfshot never mair came hame;
When *Tibi* kirk'd and there nae Butter came;
When *Bessy Freetock's* chuffy-cheeked Weap,
To a Fairy turn'd, and cou'dna stand its lane.
When *Wattie* wander'd ae Night through the Shaw,
And tint himsel amang the Snaw.
When *Mungo's* Mear stood still and swat with Fright,
When he brought East the *Howdy* under Night.
When *Bawfy* shot to dead upon the Green,
And *Sara* tint a Snood was nae mair seen;
You, *Lucky*, gat the Wyte of a' fell out,
And ilka ane here dreads ye round about;
And sae they may that mint to do ye Skaith;
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith:
But when I neist make Grots, I'll strive to please
You with a Furlet of them mixt with Pease.

Mause. I thank ye Lad,---now tell me your Demand,
And, if I can, I'll lend my helping Hand.

Baul. Then I like *Peggy*,---*Neps* is fond of me---
Peggy likes *Pate*; --- and *Patie* is bauld and flee,
And loes sweet *Meg*:---But *Neps* I downa see,-- Cou'd

Cou'd ye turn *Patie's* Love to *Neps*, and than
Peggy's to me, ---- I'd be the happiest Man.

Maufe. I'll try my Art to gar the Bowls row right,
 Saegang your Ways, and come again at Night;
 'Gainst that Time I'll some simple Things prepare,
 Worth all your Pease and Grots, take ye nae Care.

Baul. Well, *Maufe*, I'll come, gif I the Road can find;
 But if ye raise the *Deel*, he'll raise the Wind;
 Syne Rain and Thunder, may be, when 'tis late,
 Will make the Night fae mirk, I'll tine the Gate.
 We're a' to rant in *Symmie's* at a Feast,
 O will ye come like *Badrans* for a Jest;
 And there ye can our different Haviours spy;
 There's nane shall ken o't there but you and I.

Maufe. 'Tislike I may, — but let na on what's past
 'Tween you and me, else fear a kittle Cast.

Baul. If I ought of your Secretse'er advance,
 May ye ride on me ilka Night to *France*.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

Maufe (*her lane.*)

This Fool imagines, as do mony sic,
 That I'm a Witch in Compact with *Auld Nick*.
 Because by Education, I was taught
 To speak and act aboon their common Thought.
 Their gross Mistake shall quickly now appear,
 Soon shall they ken what brought, what keeps me here.
 Now since the Royal *CHARLES*, and Right's restor'd,
 A Shepherdess is Daughter to a Lord.
 The bony *Fundling* that's brought up by *Gland*,
 Wha has an Uncle's Care on her bestow'd.
 Her Infant Life I sav'd, when a false Friend
 Bow'd to the *Usurper*, and her Death design'd;
 To establish him and his in all these Plains
 That by right Heritage to her pertains.
 She's now in her sweet Bloom, has Blood and Charms
 Of too much Value for a Shepherd's Arms.
 None knows't but me; — and if the Morn were come,
 I'll tell them Tales will gar them all sing dumb.

[*Exit.*]

A C T



ACT II. SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*Behind a Tree upon the Plain,
PATE and his PEGGY meet;
In Love, without a vicious Stain,
The bony Lass and chearfu' Swain
Change Vows and Kisses sweet.*

PATIE and PEGGY.

Peg. **O** PATIE let me gang, I mauna stay;
We're baith cry'd hame, and *Jenny* she's away.

Pat. I'm laith to part sae soon; now we're alane,
And Roger he's awa with *Jenny* gane;
They're as content, for ought I hear or see,
To be alane themselves I judge as we.
Here where Primrotes thickest paint the Green,
Hard by this little Burnie let us lean.
Hark how the Lav' rocks chant aboon our Heads,
How fast the Westlin Winds sough through the Reeds.

Peg. The scented Meadows, ---- Birds, ---- and healthy
Breeze,

For ought I ken may mair than Peggy please.

Pat. Ye wrang me fair to doubt my being kind;
In speaking sae ye ca' me dull and blind,
Gif I could fancy ought's sae sweet or fair
As my dear *Meg*, or worthy of my Care.
Thy Breath is sweeter than the sweetest Brier,
Thy Cheek and Breast the finest Flowers appear.
Thy Words excel the maist delightfu' Notes,
That warble through the Merle or Mavis' Throtes.
With thee I tent nae Flowers that busk the Field,
Or ripest Berries that our Mountains yield.

The

The sweetest Fruits, that hing upon the Tree,
Are far inferior to a Kiss of thee.

Peg. But *Patrick* for some wicked End may fleech,
And Lambs should tremble when the Foxes preach.
I darna stay,—ye Joker, let me gang,
Or swear ye'll never tempt to do me Wrang.

Pat. Sooner a Mother shall her Fondness drap,
And wrang the Bairn sits smiling on her Lap.
The Sun shall change, the Moon to change shall cease,
The Gaits to clim,—the Sheep to yield the Fleece,
Ere ought by me be either said or done,
Shall do thee Wrang, I swear by all aboon.

Peg. Then keep your Aith:—But mony Lads will swear,
And be mansworn to twa in Haf-a-year:
Now I believe ye like me wonder well;
Put if anither Lads your Heart shou'd steel,
Your *Meg* forsaken, bootless might relate
How she was dauted anes by faithless *Pate*.

Pat. I'm sure I canna change, ye needna fear,
Tho' we're but young I've loo'd you mony a Year,
I mind it well, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out Words, I choos'd ye frae the Thrang
Of a' the Bairns, and led thee by the Hand,
Aft to the Tanfy-know or rashy Strand;
Thou smiling by my Side,—I took delyte
To pou the Rashgreen, with Roots sae whyte,
Of which, as well as my young Fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flowry Belt and Snood.

Peg. When first thou gade with Shepherds to the Hill,
And I to milk the Ews first try'd my Skill,
To bear a Leglen was nae Toil to me,
When at the Bought at Even I met with thee.

Pat. When Corns grew yellow, and the Hether Bells
Bloom'd bonny on the Moor and rising Fells,
Nae Birns or Briers or Whins ere troubled me:
Gif I cou'd find blae Berries ripe for thee.

Peg. When thou didst wrestle, run, or putt the Stane,
And wan the Day, my Heart was flightering fain:
At all these Sports thou still gave Joy to me;
For nane can wrestle, run, or putt with thee.

Pat. *Fenny* sings fast the *Broom* of *Cowdon Knows*,
And *Rosie* lilt the *Milking* of the *Ews*;
There's nane like *Nansie*, *Fenny Nettles* sings:
At *Turns* in *Maggy Lawder*, *Marion dings*:
But when my *Peggy* sings with sweeter Skill
The *Boatman*, or the *Last* of *Patie's Mill*;
It is a Thousand Times mair sweet to me,
Tho' they sing well they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can *Lasses* trow what they desire,
Androos'd, by them we loye, blows up that *Fire*:
But wha loves best, let *Time* and *Carriage* try;
Be constant, and my *Love* shall *Time* defy.
Be still as now, and a' my *Care* shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

Pat. Wert thou a *Giglit Gawky* like the leave,
That little better than our *Nowt* behave.
At nought they'll ferly; — senseless *Tales* believe,
Be blyth for silly *Heghts*, for *Trifles* grieve. —
Sic ne'er cou'd win my *Heart*, that kenna how
Either to keep a *Prize*, or yet prove true.
But thou in better *Sense* without a *Flaw*,
As in thy *Beauty* far excels them a'.
Continue kind, and a' my *Care* shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed; — but harken yons auld *Aunty's Cry*,
I ken they'll wonder what can mak us stay.

Pat. And let them ferly, — now a kindly *Kiss*,
Or *Fivescore* god anes wad not be a-miss;
And syne we'll sing the *Sang* with tunefu' *Glee*,
That I made up last *Owk* on you and me.

Peg. Sing first, syne claim your *Hyre*. —

Pat. — Well I agree.

Patie (sings.)

BY the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth,
And rowing Eye that smiling tells the Truth,
I guess, my *Lassie*, that as well as I,
You're made for *Love*, and why should ye deny.

Peggy (sings.)

BUT ken ye, *Lad*, gif we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the *Wooing's* done:

The sweetest Fruits, that hing upon the Tree,
Are far inferior to a Kiss of thee.

Peg. But *Patrick* for some wicked End may fleech,
And Lambs should tremble when the Foxes preach.
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Put if anither Lads your Heart shou'd steel,
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I mind it well, when thou cou'dst hardly gang,
Or lisp out Words, I choos'd ye frae the Thrang
Of a' the Bairns, and led thee by the Hand,
Aft to the Tanfy-know or rashy Strand;
Thou smiling by my Side,—I took delyte
To pou the Rashes green, with Roots sae whyte,
Of which, as well as my young Fancy cou'd,
For thee I plet the flowry Belt and Snood.

Peg. When first thou gade with Shepherds to the Hill,
And I to milk the Ews first try'd my Skill,
To bear a Leglen was nae Toil to me,
When at the Bought at Even I met with thee.

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Gif I cou'd find blae Berries ripe for thee.

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Tho' they sing well they canna sing like thee.

Peg. How eith can Lasses trow what they desire,
Androos'd, by them we loye, blaws up that Fire:
But wha loves best, let Time and Carriage try;
Be constant, and my Love shall Time defy.
Be still as now, and a' my Care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasant is for thee.

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That little better than our Nowt behave.
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Sic ne'er cou'd win my Heart, that kenna how
Either to keep a Prize, or yet prove true.
But thou in better Sense without a Flaw,
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Continue kind, and a' my Care shall be,
How to contrive what pleasing is for thee.

Peg. Agreed; — but harken yons auld Aunty's Cry,
I ken they'll wonder what can mak us stay.

Pat. And let them ferly, — now a kindly Kiss,
Or Fivescore god anes wad not be a-miss;
And syne we'll sing the Sang with tunefu' Glee,
That I made up last Owk on you and me.

Peg. Sing first, syne claim your Hyre. —

Pat. — Well I agree.

Patie (*sings.*)

BY the delicious Warmness of thy Mouth,
And rowing Eye that smiling tells the Truth,
I guess, my Lassie, that as well as I,
You're made for Love, and why should ye deny.

Peggy (*sings.*)

BUT ken ye, Lad, gif we confess o'er soon,
Ye think us cheap, and syne the Wooing's done:

The Gentle Shepherd.

*The Maiden that o'er quickly tynes her Power,
Like unripe Fruit, will taste but hard and sour.*

Patie (sings.)

*But gin they hing o'er lang upon the Tree,
Their Sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye.
Red cheeked you completely ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang Haf-year.*

Peggy (singing falls into Patie's Arms.)

*THEN dinna pow me, gently thus I fa'
Into my Patie's Arms for good and a':
But flint your Wishes to this kind Embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the Grace.*

Patie (with his left Hand about her Waist.)

*O Charming Armsfu' hence ye Cares away,
I'll kifs my Treasure a' the live lang Day,
All Night I'll dream my Kisses o'er again.
Till that Day come that ye'll be a' my ain.*

Sung by Both.

*Sun gallop down the Westlin Skyes,
Gang soon to Bed, and quickly rise;
O Lash your Steeds, post Time away,
And haste about our Bridal Day;
And if you're wearied, honest Light,
Sleep gin ye like a Week that Night.*

[Let down the Curtain and let them kifs.]

End of the Second ACT.



ACT



ACT III. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*Now turn your Eyes beyond yon spreading Lyme,
And tent a Man whose Beard seems bleech'd with Time;
An Elwand filis his Hand, his Habit mean;
Nae Doubt ye'll think he has a Pedlar been:
But whisht! It is the Knight in Masquerade,
That comes hid in this Cloud to see his Lad.
Observe how pleas'd the loyal Sufferer moves
Throw his auld Av'news, anes delightfu Groves.*

Sir WILLIAM solus.

THE Gentleman thus hid in low Disguise,
I'll for a Space unknown delight mine Eyes,
With a full View of every fertile Plain,
Which once I lost,—which now are mine again.
Yet 'midst my Joys, some Prospects, Pain renew,
Whilst I my once fair Seat in Ruins view.
Yonder, ah me! it desolately stands
Without a Roof, the Gates fain from their Bands;
The Casements all broke down, no Chimney left,
The naked Walls of Tap'stry all bereft.
My Stables and Pavilions, broken Walls!
That with each rainy Blast decaying falls.
My Gardens once adorn'd the most complete
With all that Nature, all that Art makes sweet:
Where round the figur'd Green and Peeble Walks,
The dewy Flow'rs hung nodding on their Stalks:
But overgrown with Nettles, Docks and Brier,
No *Jaccacincths* or *Eglintines* appear.
How fail'd and brok's the rising ample Shade,
Where *Peach* and *Nect'rine* Trees their Branches spred,
Basking in Rays, and early did produce

Fruit

Fruit fair to View, delightful in the Use
 All round in Gaps, the Walls in Ruin ly,
 And from what stands the withered Branches fly.
 These soon shall be repair'd;—and now my Joy
 Forbids all Grief,——when I'm to see my BOY,
 My only Prop and Object of my Care,
 Since Heaven too soon call'd home his Mother fair.
 Him ere the Rays of Reason clear'd his Thought,
 I secretly to faithful *Symon* brought,
 And charg'd him strictly to conceal his Birth,
 Till we should see what changing Times brought forth:
 Hid from himself, he starts up by the Dawn,
 And ranges careless o'er the Height and Lawn,
 After his fleecy Charge serenely gay,
 With other Shepherds whistling o'er the Day.
 Thrice happy Life, that's from Ambition free;
 Remov'd from Crowns and Courts, how cheertully
 A quiet, contented Mortal, spends his Time,
 In hearty Health his Soul unstain'd with Crime.
 Now tow'rd's good *Symon*'s House, I'll bend my Way,
 And see what makes yon Gamboling to Day,
 All on the Green, in a fair wanton Ring,
 My youthful Tenants gay lie dance and sing.

[Exit Sir William.]





ACT III. SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

'TIS Symon's House, please to step in,
 And vissy't round and round,
 There's nought superfluous to give Pain,
 Or costly to be found.
 Yet all is clean: A clear Peat Ingle
 Glances amidst the Floor.
 The Green-Horn Spoons, Beech-Luggies mingle
 On Skelfs foregainst the Door.
 While the young Brood sport on the Green,
 The auld anes think it best,
 With the Brown Cow to clear their Een,
 Snuff, crack, and take their Rest.

SYMON, GLAUD, and ELSPA.

Gl. **V**VE anes were young our fells,— I like to see
 The Bairns bob round with other merrylic.
 Troth, Symon, Patie's grown a strapan Lad,
 And better Looks than his I never bade.
 Amang our Lads he bears the Gree awa,
 And tells his Tale the cleverest of them a'.

Elf. Poor Man! — he's a great Comfort to us baith :
 God mak him good, and hide him ay frae Skaith.
 He is a Bairn, I'll say't, well worth our Care,
 That gae us ne'er Vexation late or Air.

Gl. I trow, Goodwife, if I be not mistane,
 He seems to be with Peggy's Beauty tane,
 And troth my Niece is a right dainty Wean,
 As ye well ken; a bonnyer needna be,
 Nor better,— be't she were nae Kin to me.

Sym. Ha Glaud! I doubt that ne'er will be a Match,
 My Patie's wild, and will be ill to catch;

And

And or he were, for Reasons I'll no tell,
I'd rather be mix'd with the Mools my fell.

Gl. What Reason can ye have, there's nane, I'm sure,
Unless ye may cast up that she's but poor:
But gif the Lassie marry to my Mind,
I'll be to her as my ain *Jenny* kind;
Fouricore of breeding Ews of my ain Birn,
Five Ky that at ae milking fills a Kirn,
I'll gie to *Peggy* that Day she's a Bride;
By and attour, if my good Luck abide,
Ten Lambs at spaining Time as lang's I live,
And twa Quey Cawfs, I'll yearly to them give.

Elf. Ye offer fair, kind *Gland*, but dinna speer
What may be is not fit ye yet should hear.

Sym. Or this Day Eight Days, likely he shall learn,
That our Denial disna slight his Bairn.

Gl. Well nae mair o't,—come gie's the other Bend,
We'll drink their Heaths, what ever Way it end.

[*Their Healths gae round.*]

Sym. But will ye tell me, *Gland*.—by some 'tis said,
Your Niece is but a *Fundling* that was laid
Down at your Hallon Side, ae Morn in May,
Right clean row'd up and beded on dry Hay.

Gl. That clatteran, *Madge* my Titty, tells sic Flaws,
When ere our *Meg* her cankart Humour gaws.

Enter Jenny.

O Father, there's an auld Man on the Green,
The fellest Fortune-teller e'er was seen;
He rents our Loofs, and syne whops out a Book,
Turns owre the Leaves, and gie's our Brows a Look:
Syne tells the oddest Tales that ere ye heard.
His Head is gray, and lang and gray his Beard.

Sym. Gae bring him in, we'll hear what he can say,
Nane shall gang hungry by my House to Day.

[*Exit Jenny.*]

But for his telling Fortunes, troth I fear
He kens nae mair of that than my gray Mear.

Gl. Spac-men!—the Truth of a' their Saws I doubt,
For greater Liars never ran thereout.

[*Returns Jenny, bringing in Sir William; with them Patie.*]

Sym.

The Gentle Shepherd.

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Sym. Ye're welcome honest Carle,—here take a Seat.

Sir Will. I give ye Thanks, Goodman, Ife no beblate,
Glaud (*drinks.*)

Come t'ye Friend:—How far cam ye the Day?

Sir Will. I pledge ye Nibour,—e'en but little Way:
Rousted with Eild, a wie Piece Gate seems lang,
T'wa Miles or Three's the maist that I dow gang.

Sym. Ye're welcome here to stay all Night with me,
And take sic Bed and Board as we can gi' ye.

Sir Will. That's kind unfought,—well, gin ye have a Bairn
That ye like well, and wad his Fortune learn,
I shall imploy the farthest of my Skill
To spae it faithfully, be't good or ill.

Symon (*pointing to Patie.*)

Only that Lad,—alake! I have nae mae,
Either to make me joyful now or wae.

Sir Will. Young Man, let's see your Hand,—what gars
ye sneer?

Pat. Because your Skill's but little worth I fear.

Sir Will. Ye cut before the Point:—But Billy byde,
I'll wager there's a Mouse Mark on your Side.

Elf. Betootch-us-to!—and well I wat that's true,
Awa, awa! the Deel's owre grit wi' you.
Four Inch aneath his Oxter is the Mark,
Scarce ever seen since he first wore a Sark.

Sir Will. I'll tell ye mair, if this young Lad be spair'd
But a short while, he'll be a braw rich Laird.

Elf. A Laird!—Hear ye Goodman!—what think
ye now!

Sym. I dinna ken! strange auld Man, what art thou?
Fair fa' your Heart, 'tis good to bode of Wealth,
Come turn the Timber to Laird Patie's Health.

(*Patie's Health gaes round.*)

Pat. A Laird of twa good Whistles, and a Kent,
Twa Curs my trusty Tenants on the Bent,
Is all my great Estate,—and like to be:
Sae, cunning Carle, ne'er break your Jokes on me:

Sym. Whisht, *Patie*,—let the Man look owre your Hand,
Aftymes as broken a Ship has come to Land.

[*Sir William looks a little at Patie's Hand, then counterfits falling into a Trance, while they endeavour to lay him right.*]

Elf. Preserve's!—the Man's a Warlock, or posselt
With some nae good,—or second Sight at least,
Where is he now? —————

Gl. ————— He's seeing a' that's done
In ilka Place, beneath or yont the Moon.

Elf. These second sighted Fowk, his Peace be here!
See Things far aff, and Thingsto come, as clear
As I can see my Thumb;—wow, can he tell?
(Speer at him soon as he comes to himsel)
How soon we'll see *Sir William*. Whisht, he heaves,
And speaks out broken Words like ane that raves.

Sym. He'll soon grow better,—*Elspa* haste ye, gae
And fill him up a Tass of *Uisquebae*.

Sir Will. (starts up and speaks.)

*A Knight that for a Lyon fought,
Against a Herd of Bears,
Was to lang Toil and Trouble brought,
In which some thousands shares:
But now again the Lyon rares,
And Joy spreads owre the Plain,
The Lyon has defeat the Bears,
The Knight returns again.*

*That Knight, in a few Days, shall bring
A Shepherd frae the Fauld:
And shall present him to his King,
A Subject true and baird.
He Mr. Patrick shall be call'd:—
All you that hear me now,
May well believe what I have tald,
For it shall happen true.*

Sym. Friend, May your Spacing happen soon and weel;
But, Faith, I'm redd you've bargain'd with the Deel,

To tell some Tales that Fowks wad secret keep,
Or do you get them tald you in your Sleep?

Sir Will. Howe'er I get them, never fash your Beard,
Nor come I to redd Fortunes for Reward:
But I'll lay Ten to Ane with ony here,
That all I prophesy shall soon appear.

Sym. You prophesying Fowks are odd kind Men!
They're here that ken, and here that disna ken,
The wimpled Meaning of your unko Tale,
Whilk soon will mak a Noise o'er Moor and Dale.

Gl. 'Tis nae sma Sport to hear how *Sym* believes,
And takes't for Gospel what the Spae-man gives
Of Flawing Fortunes, whilk he evens to *Pate*:
But what we wish, we trow at ony Rate.

Sir Will. Whisht, doubtfu' Carle, for e'er the Sun
Has driven twice down to the Sea,
What I have said, ye shall see donie
In part, or nae mair credit me.

Gl. Well, be't sae, Friend; I shall sae naithing mair,
But I have twa sonfy Lassies young and fair,
Plump ripe for Men: I wish ye cou'd forsee
Sic Fortunes for them might bring Joy to me.

Sir Will. Nae mair through Secrets can I sift,
Till Darknes black the Bent,
I have but anes a Day that Gift:
Sae rest a While content.

Sym. *Elspa*, cast on the Claith, fetch butt some Meat,
And, of your best, gar this auld Stranger eat.

Sir Will. Delay a while your hospitable Care;
I'd rather enjoy this Evening calm and fair,
Around yon ruin'd Tower, to fetch a Walk
With you, kind Friend, to have some private Talk.

Sym. Soon as you please, I'll answer your Desire,—
And, *Gland*, you'll take your Pipe beside the Fire;
We'll but gae round the *Place*, and soon be back,
Syne sup together, and tak our Pint and Crack.

Gl. I'll out a Space, and see the Young-anes play,
My Heart's still light abeit my Locks be gray, [Exeunt.]



A C T III. S C E N E III.

P R O L O G U E.

*JENNY pretends an Errand Home,
 Young ROGER draps the rest,
 To whisper out his melting Flame,
 And thow his Lassie's Breast.
 Behind a Bush, well hid frae Sight they meet.
 See Jenny's Laughing, Roger's like to greet.*

Poor Shepherd!

ROGER and JENNY.

Rog. **D**EAR Jenny, I wad speak t'ye wad ye let,
 And yet I ergh ye'r ay sae scornfu set.

Jen. And what wad Roger say, if he cou'd speak;
 Am I oblig'd to guefs what ye'r to seek.

Rog. Yes ye may guefs, right eith for what I grein,
 Baith by my Service, Sighs, and langing Een:
 And I maun out we't, tho' I risk your Scorn,
 Ye're never frae my Thoughts baith Even and Morn.
 Ah cou'd I loo ye lefs! I'd happy be,
 But happier far! cou'd ye but fancy me.

Jen. And wha kens, honest Lad, but that I may;
 Ye canna say, that e'er I said ye nay.

Rog. Alake! my frighted Heart begins to fail,
 When e'er I mint to tell ye out my Tale,
 For fear some tighter Lad, mair rich than I,
 Has win your Love, and near your Heart may ly.

Jen. I loo my Father, Cusin Meg I love;
 But to this Day, nae Man my Mind could move:
 Except my Kin, ilk Lad's alyke to me;
 And frae ye all I best had keep me free.

Rog. How lang, dear Jenny,—sayna that again,
 What Pleasure can ye tak in giving Pain?

I'm

I'm glad however that ye yet stand free,
Wha kens but ye may rue and pity me?

Jen. Ye have my Pity else, to see ye set
On that whilk makes our sweetness soon forget.
Wow! but we'er bony, good, and every Thing!
How sweet we breathe, when e'er we kifs or sing!
But we're nae sooner Fools to give Consent,
Than we our Daffine, and tint Power repent:
When prison'd in four Wawsa Wife right tame,
Altho' the first, the greatest Drudge at Hame.

Rog. That only happens, when for Sake of Gear,
Ane wales a Wife, as he wad buy a Mare:
Or when du'l Parents Bairns together bind
Of different Tempers, that can ne'er prove kind.
But Love, true downright Love, engages me,
Tho' thou should scorn,—still to delight in thee.

Jen. What fuggard Words, frae Wooers Lips can fa'?
But girning Marriage comes and ends them a'.
I've seen with shining fair the Morning rise,
And soon the sleety Clouds, mirk a' the Skyes.
I've seen the Silver Spring, a while rin clear,
And soon in Mossy Puddles disappear.
The Bridegroom may rejoyce, the Bride may smile;
But soon Contentions a' their Joys beguile.

Rog. I've seen the Morning rise with fairest Light,
The Day unclouded, sink in calmest Night.
I've seen the Spring run wimpling throw the Plain,
Increase and join the Ocean, without stain.
The Bridegroom may be blyth, the Bride may smile;
Rejoyce throw Life, and all your Fears beguile.

Jen. Were I but sure you lang wou'd Love maintain,
The fewest Words my easy Heart could gain:
For I mawn own, since now at last you're free,
Altho' I jok'd, I lov'd your Company;
And ever had a Warmness in my Breast,
That made ye dearer to me than the rest.

Rog. I'm happy now! o'er happy! had my Head! —
This Gush of Pleasure's like to be my Dead.
Come to my Arms! or strike me! I'm all fyr'd
With wondering Love! let's kifs till we be tyr'd.

Kiss, kiss! we'll kiss the Sun and Stars away,
 And ferly at the quick Return of Day!
 O *Fenny*, let my Arms about thee twine
 And briss thy bony Breasts and Lips to mine.

[*They Embrace.*]

Fen. With equal Joy my sifter Heart does yield,
 To own thy well try'd Love has won the Field.
 Now by these warmest Kisses thou has tane,
 Swear thus to love me, when by Vows made ane.

Rog. I swear by Fifty thousand, yet to come,
 Or may the first ane strike me deaf and dumb;
 There shall not be a kyndlier dawted Wife,
 If you agree with me to lead your Life.

Fen. Well I agree,—neist to my Parent gae,
 Get his Consent;— he'll hardly say ye nay.
 Ye have what will commend yeto him well,
 Auld Fowks like them that wants na Milk and Meal.

Rog. My Faulds contain twice Fifeteen forrow Nowt,
 Asmony Newcal in my Bayers rowt:
 Five Pack of Woo I can at *Lamma's* sell,
 Shorn frae my bob-tail'd Bleeters on the Fell.
 Good Twenty Pair of Blankets for our Bed,
 With meikle Care, my thrifty Mither made.
 Ilk Thing that makes a Hartsome House and tight
 Was still her Care, my Father's great Delight.
 They left me all, which now gies Joy to me,
 Because I can give a', my Dear, to thee.
 And had I Fifty Times as meikle mair,
 Nane but my *Fenny* shou'd the sarnen skair.
 My Love and all is yours, now had them fast,
 And guide them as ye like to gar them last.

Fen. I'll do my best;—but see wha comes this Way,
Patie and *Meg*,—besides I mauna stay;
 Lets steal frae ither now and meet the Morn,
 If we be seen we'll dree a deal of Scorn.

Rog. To where the Saugh-tree shades the Mennin-pool,
 I'll frae the Hill come down, when Day grows cool;
 Keep Tryst, and meet me there, there let us meet
 To kiss and tell our Love;—there's nought sae sweet.



ACT III. SCENE IV.

PROLOGUE.

*This Scene presents the Knight and Sym,
Within a Galery of the Place,
Where all looks ruinous and grim,
Nor has the Baron shown his Face;
But joking with his Shepherd leel,
Aft Speers the Gate he kens fou well.*

Sir WILLIAM and SYMON.

Sir Will. **T**O whom belongs this House so much decay'd?
Sym. To ane that lost it lending generous Aid,
To bear the Head up, when rebellious Tail
Against the Laws of Nature did prevail.
Sir William *Worthy* is our Master's Name,
Wha fills us all with Joy, now He's COME HAME.

PROLOGUE,

*Sir William draps his masking Beard,
Symon transported sees
The welcome Knight with fond Regard,
And grasps him round the Knees.*

My Master! my dear Master!—do I breathe!
To see him healthy, strong and free frae Skaith!
Return'd to cheer his wishing Tenants Sight!
To bless his SON, my Charge, the World's Delight.
Sir Will. Rise, faithful Symon, in my Arms enjoy
A Place, thy Due, kind Guardian of my Boy:
I came to view thy Care in this Disguise,
And am confirm'd thy Conduct has been wise;
Since still the Secret thou'st securely seal'd,
And ne'er to him his real Birth reveal'd.

Sym. The due Obedience to your strict Command
Was the first Lock ;—niest my ain Judgment fand
Out Reasons plenty :—Since, without Estate,
A Youth tho' sprung frae Kings, looks baugh and blate.

Sir Will. And aften vain and idly spend their Time,
'Till grown unfit for Action, past their Prime,
Hang on their Friends,—which gies their Sauls a Cast,
That turns them downright Beggars at the last.

Sym. Now well I wat, Sir, ye have spoken true ;
For there's Laird Kytie's Son, that's loo'd by few.
His Father steght his Fortune in his Wame,
And left his Heir nought but a gentle Name :
He gangs about sornan frae Place to Place,
As scrimp of Manners, as of Sense and Grace,
Oppressing allas Punishment of their Sin
That are within his Tenth Degree of Kin :
Rins in ilk Trader's Debt, wha's sae unjust
To his ain Fam'lie, as to give him Trust.

Sir Will. Such usefless Branches of a Common-wealth
Should be lopt off, to give a State mair Health.
Unworthy bare Reflection.—*Symon*, run
O'er all your Observations on my Son ;
A Parent's Fondness easily finds Excuse ;
But do not with Indulgence Truth abuse.

Sym. To speak his Praise, the longest Simmer Day
Wad be owre short,—cou'd I them right display.
In Word and Deed he can sae well behave,
That out of Sight he runs before the lave ;
And when there's e'er a Quarrel or Contest,
Patrick's made Judge, to tell whase Cause is best ;
And his Decreet stands good ;—he'll gar it stand :
Wha dares to grumble finds his correcting Hand :
With a firm Look, and a commanding Way,
He gars the proudest of our Herds obey.

[ceed :

Sir Will. Your Tale much pleases,—my good Friend, pro-
What learning has he ? can he write and read ?

Sym. Baith wonder well ; for, troth, I didna spare
To gie him at the School enough of Lair ;
And he delysts in Books :—He reads and speaks
With Fowks that ken them, *Latin Words* and *Greeks*.

Sir

Sir Will. Where gets he Books to read?—and of what kind?
Tho' some gives Light, some blindly lead the Blind.

Sym. When e'er he drives our Sheep to *Edinburgh Port*,
He buys some Books of History, Songs or Sport:
Nor does he want of them a Rowth at Will,
And carries ay a Poutchtu' to the Hill.
About ane *Shakepear* and a famous *Ben*,
He aften speaks and ca's them best of Men.
How sweetly *Hawthrenden* and *Sterling* sing,
And ane caw'd *Cowley* loyal to his King,
He kens fou well, and gars their Verses ring.
I sometimes thought that he made o'er great Fraze
About fine Poems, Histories and Plays.

When I reprov'd him anes,—a Book he brings,
With this, quoth he, on Braes I crack with Kings.

Sir Will. He answer'd well, and much ye glad my Ear
When such Accounts I of my Shepherd hear:
Reading such Books can raise a Peasant's Mind
Above a Lord's that is not thus enclin'd.

Sym. What ken we better, that sae findle look,
Except on rainy *Sundays*, on a Book;
When we a Leaf or twa, haf read, haf spell,
'Till a' the rest sleep round as well's our sell.

Sir Will. Well jested, *Symon*;—but one Question more,
I'll only ask ye now, and then give o'er.

The Youth's arriv'd the Age when little Loves
Flighter around young Hearts like cooing Doves;
Has no young Lassy with inviting Mein
And Rosie Cheek, the Wonder of the Green,
Engag'd his Look, and caught his youthful Heart?

Sym. I fear'd the warst, but kend the smallest Part,
Till late I saw him twa three Times mair sweet,
(With *Gland's* fair Niece) than I thought right or meet.
I had my Fears; but now have nought to fear,
Since like your self, your Son will soon appear.
A Gentleman enrich'd with all these Charms,
May blest the fairest best born Lady's Arms.

Sir Will. This Night must end his unambitious Fire,
When higher Views shall greater Thoughts inspire.

Go,

Go, *Simon*, bring him quickly here to me,
 None but your self shall our first Meeting see.
 Yonder's my Horse and Servants nigh at Hand,
 They come just at the Time I gave Command;
 Straight in my own Apparel I'll go dress;
 Now ye the Secret may to all confess.

Sym. With how much Joy I on this Errand flee,
 There's nane can know that is not downright me.

[*Exit Simon.*]

Sir William solus.

When the Event of Hopes successfully appears,
 One happy Hour cancels the Toil of Years.
 A Thoulend Toils are lost in *Lethe's* Stream,
 And Cares evanish like a Morning Dream;
 When wish'd for Pleasures rise like Morning Light,
 The Pain that's past enhances the Delight.
 These Joys I feel that Words can ill express,
 I ne'er had known without my late Distress.

But from his rustick Business and Love,
 I must in haste my *Patrick* soon remove,
 To Courts and Camps that may his Soul improve:
 Like the rough Diamond as it leaves the Mine,

Only in little Breakings shews its Light,
 Till artful Polishing has made it shine:
 Thus Education makes the Genius bright.

The End of the Third ACT.



ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*The Scene describ'd in former Page,
Glaud's Onset. — Enter Maufe and Madge.*

Maufe. OUR Laird come hame! and owns young *Pate* his
That's News indeed! — [Heir,

Madge. — As true as ye stand there.
As they were dancing all in *Symon's* Yard,
Sir *William* like a Warlock, with a Beard,
Five Nives in Length, and white as driven Snaw,
Amang us came, cry'd, *Had ye merry a'.*
We ferly'd meikle at his unco Look,
While frae his Poutch he whirl'd forth a Book,
As we stood round about him on the Green,
He view'd us a', but fix'd on *Pate* his Een;
Then pawkylie pretended he cou'd spae,
Yet for his Pains and Skill wad naething hae.

Maufe. Then sure the Lassies, and ilk gaping Coof,
Wad rin about him and had out their Loof.

Madge. As fast as Flaes skip to the Tate of Woo,
Whilk flee Tod *Lawrie* hads without his Mow,
When he to drown them, and his Hips to cool,
In Summer Days slides backward in a Pool:
In short he did for *Pate* braw Things fortell,
Without the Help of Conjuring or Spell;
At last when well diverted he withdrew,
Pow'd aff his Beard to *Symon*, *Symon* knew
His welcome Master; — round his Knees he gat,
Hang at his Coat, and syne for Blythness grat.
Patrick was sent for, — happy Lad is he!
Symon tald *Elspa*, *Elspa* tald it me.
Ye'll hear out a' the secret Story soon;
And troth 'tis eeh right odd when a' is done,

To

To think how *Symon* ne'er afore wad tell,
Na, no sae meikle as to *Pate* himsell.
Our *Meg*, poor Thing, alake! has lost her Jo.

Maufe. It may be sae, wha kens, and may be no.
To list a Love that's rooted is great Pain:
Even Kings has tane a Queen out of the Plain,
And what has been before may be again. }

Madge. Sic Nonsense! Love tak Root but Tocher-good,
'Tween a Herd's Bairn, and ane of gentle Blood:
Sic Fashions in King *Bruce*'s Days might be;
But sic can Ferlies now we never see.

Maufe. Gif *Pate* forsakes her, *Bauldy* she may gain, }
Yonder he comes, and wow but he looks fain,
Nae Doubt he thinks that *Peggy*'s now his Ain.

Madge. He get her! flaverin Doof! it sets him well
To yoke a Plough where *Patrick* thought to teil;
Gif I were *Meg*, I'd let young Master see——

Maufe. Ye'd be as dorty in your Choice as he;
And so wad I: But whist, here *Bauldy* comes.

Enter Bauldy singing.

Jocky said to *Jenny*, *Jenny* wilt thou do't,
Ne'er a fit, quoth *Jenny*, for my Tocher-good;
For my Tocher-good, I winna marry thee,
Eens ye like, quoth *Jocky*, ye may let it be.

Madge. Well liltit, *Bauldy*, that's a dainty Sang,
Ba. I'll gie ye'ta', tis better than 'tis lang.

Sings again.

I hae Gowd and Gear, I have Land enough,
I hae seven good Owsen gangin in a Pleugh;
Gangin in a Pleugh, and linkan o'er the Lee,
And gin ye winna tak me, I can let ye be.

I hae a good Ha' House, a Barn and a Bayer,
A Peatback fore the Door, we'll make a rantin Fire;
I'll make a rantin Fire, and merry fall we be,
And gin ye winna take me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to *Jocky*, gin ye winna tell,
Ye shall be the Lad, I'll be the Lass my sell;
Ye're a bony Lad, and I'm a Lassie free;
Ye're welcomer to tak me than to let me be.

I trow sae,——Lasses will come too at last,
Tho' for a While they maun their Snaw-baws cast.

Maufe. Well *Bauldy*, how gaes a',——

Ba.——Faith unco right.

I hope we'll a' sleep sound but ane this Night.

Madge. And wha's the unlucky ane, if we may ask?

Ba. To find out that is nae difficult Task.

Poor bony *Peggy*, wha maun think nae mair
On *Pate* turn'd *Patrick*, and Sir *William's* Heir.
Now, now, good *Madge*, and honest *Maufe* stand be,
While *Meg's* in Dumps, put in a Word for me.
I'll be as kind as ever *Pate* could prove:
Less wilful, and ay constant in my Love.

Madge. As *Neps* can witness, and the bushy Thorn,
Where mony a Time to her your Heart was sworn.
Fy *Bauldy* blush, and Vows of Love regard;
What other Lafs will trow a mansworn Herd?
The Curse of Heaven hings ay aboon their Heads,
That's ever guilty of sic sinfu' Deeds.
I'll ne'er advise my Niece sae gray a Gate,
Nor will she be advis'd fou well I wate.

Ba. Sae gray a Gate! Mansworn! and a the rest;
Ye leed, auld Roudes,——and in faith had best
Eat in your Words, else I shall gar ye stand
With a het Face afore the haly Band.

Madge. Ye'll gar me stand! ye sheveling-gabit Brock,
Speak that again, and trembling dread my Rock,
And Ten sharp Nails, that when my Hands are in,
Can flyp the skin o' ye'r Cheeks out o'er your Chin.

Ba. I tak ye Witness, *Maufe*, ye heard her say,
That I'm mansworn,——I winna let it gae.

Madge. Ye're witness too, he ca'd me bony Names,
And should be serv'd as his good Breeding claims.
Ye filthy Dog!——

[*Flees to his Hair like a Fury:—A stout Battle.—*

Maufe endeavours to redd them.

Maufe. Let gang your Grips, fy *Madge*! howt *Bauldy* leen,
I wadna wish this Tuilzie had been seen;
'Tis sae daft like.——

[*Bauldy* gets out of *Madge's* Clutches with a bleeding Nose.

Madge.

Madge. ——— 'Tis dafter like to thole
 An Ether-cap like him to blaw the Coal.
 It sets him well with vile unscrapit Tongue,
 To cast up whether I be auld or young;
 They're aulder yet than I have married been,
 And or they died their Bairn's Bairns have seen.

Maufe. That's true, and *Bauldy* ye was far to blame,
 To ca' *Madge* ought but her ain christen'd Name.

Ba. My Luggs, my Nose, and Nodde finds the same.

Madge. Auld Roudes! Filthy Fallow, I shall auld ye.

Maufe. Howt no;—ye'll e'en be Friends with honest

Bauldy:

Come, come, shake Hands; this maun nae farder gae:
 Ye maun forgi'e'm: I see the Lad looks wae.

Ba. In troth now *Maufe*, I have at *Madge* nae Spite;
 But she abusing first was a' the Wyte
 Of what has happen'd, and should therefore crave
 My Pardon first, and shall Acquittance have.

Madge. I crave your Pardon! Gallows-face, gae greet,
 And own your Faut to her that ye wad cheat.
 Gae or be blasted in your Health and Gear,
 Till ye learn to perform as well as swear.
 Vow and lowp back!—was e'er the like heard tell?
 Swith tak him Deil, he's owre lang out of Hell.

Bauldy running off.

His Presence be about us! Curst were he,
 That were condemn'd for Life to live with thee.

[*Exit Bauldy.*]

Madge (laughing.)

I think I have towzled his Harigalds a wee;
 He'll no soon grien to tell his Love to me.
 He's but a Rascal that wad mint to serve
 A Lassie sae, he does but ill deserve.

Maufe. Ye towin'd him tightly,—I commend ye for't.
 His bleeding Snout gae me nae little Sport:
 For this Forenoon he had that Scant of Grace,
 And Breeding baith,—to tell me to my Face,
 He hop'd I was a *Witch*, and wadna stand,
 To lend him in this Case my helping Hand.

Madge.

Madge. A Witch!—how had ye Patience this to bear?
And leave him Een to see, or Lugs to hear.

Mause. Auld wither'd Hands, and feeble Jointslike mine,
Obliges Folk Resentment to decline,
Till aft 'tis seen, when Vigour fails, then we
With Cunning can the Lak of Pith supplie:
Thus I pat aff Rêvenge till it was dark,
Syne bad him come, and we should gang to wark:
I'm sure he'll keep his Tryst; and I came here
To seek your Help that we the Fool may fear.

Madge. And special Sport we'll have, as I protest;
Ye'll be the Witch, and I shall play the Ghaist.
A Linnen Sheet wond round me like ane dead,
I'll cawk my Face, and grane and shake my Head.
We'll fleg him sae, he'll mint nae mair to gang
A conjuring to do a Lassie wrang.

Mause. Then let us go, for see, 'tis hard on Night,
The weatlin Cloud shines red with setting Light.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

*WHEN Birds begin to nod upon the Bough,
And the Green-swaird grows damp with falling Dew;
While good Sir William is to Rest retir'd,
The Gentle Shepherd tenderly inspir'd
Walks throw the Broom with Roger ever leel,
To meet, to comfort Meg, and tak farewell.*

Rog. **W**OW but I'm cadgie, and my Heart Lowps light;
O Mr. Patrick, ay your Thoughts were right:
Sure Genle-fowk are farrer seen than we,
That naithing ha'e to brag of Pedegree.
My Fenny now wha' brak my Heart this Morn,
Is perfect yielding, —sweet, —and nae mair scorn.

I spake my Mind,— she heard,— I spake again,
She smil'd,— I kiss'd,— I woo'd, nor woo'd in vain.

Pat. I'm glad to hear't :— But O my Change this Day,
Heaves up my Joy, and yet I'm sometimes wae.

I've found a Father gently kind as brave,
And an Estate that lifts me 'boon the lave.
With Looks all Kindness, Words that Love confess :
He all the Father, to my Soul express,
While clos'd he held me to his manly Breast.

Such were the Eyes, he said, thus smil'd the Mouth
Of thy lov'd Mother, Blessing of my Youth !

Who set too soon !— And while he Praise bestow'd,
Adown his graceful Cheek a Torrent flow'd.

My new-born Joys, and this his tender Tale,
Did, mingled thus, o'er a' my Thoughts prevail.

That speechless lang, my late-kend Sire I view'd,
While gushing Tears my panting Breast bedew'd.

Unusual Transports made my Head turn round,
Whilst I my self with rising Raptures found

The happy Son of ane so much renown'd.

But he has heard,— too faithful *Symon's* Fear !

Has brought my Love for *Peggy* to his Ear,
Which he forbids,— ah ! this confounds my Peace,

While, thusto beat, my Heart must sooner cease.

Rog. How to advise ye, troth I'm at a Stand :
But were't my Case, ye'd clear it up aff Hand.

Pat. Duty, and hasten Reason plead his Cause :
But Love rebels against all bounding Laws ;

Fixt in my Soul the Shepherdess excels,
And Part of my new Happiness repells.

Rog. Enjoy them baith— Sir *William* will be won :
Your *Peggy's* bony,— you're his only Son.

Pat. She's mine by Vows, and stronger Ties of Love,
And frae these Bands nae Fate my Mind shall move.

I'll wed nane else, through Life I will be true,
But still Obedience is a Parent's Due.

Rog. Is not our Master and your fell to stay
Amang us here,— or are you gawn away
To *London* Court, or ither far aff Parts,
To leave your ain poor us with broken Hearts ?

Pat. To Edinburgh strait, to-morrow we advance,
To London neist, and afterwards to France,
Where I must stay some Years, and learn—— to dance,
And twa three other Monkey-tricks: —— That done
I come hame strutting in my Red-heel'd Shoon.
Then 'tis design'd, when I can well behave,
That I maun be some petted Thing's dull Slave,
For some few Bags of Cash that I wate weel
I nae mair need nor Carts do a Third Wheel:
But Peggy dearer to methan my Breath,
Sooner than hear sic News, shall hear my Death.

Rog. They wha have just enough can soundly sleep,
The Owrecome only fashes Fowk to keep.——

Good Master Patrick, tak your ain Tale Hame.

Pat. What was my Morning Thought, at Night's the same:
The Poor and Rich but differ in the Name.

Content's the greatest Bliss we can procure
Frae 'boon the Lift.—— Without it Kings are poor.

Rog. But an Estate like yours yields braw Content,
When we but pike it scanty on the Bent:
Fine Claiths, fast Beds, sweet Houses, sparkling Wine;
Rich Fare, and witty Friends, when e'er yedine,
Submissive Servants, Honour, Wealth and Ease,
Wha's no content with these, are ill to please.

Pat. Sae Roger thinks, and thinks not far amiss,
But mony a Cloud hings hovering o'er their Bliss:
The Passions rule the Roast, —— and if they're sour,
Like the lean Ky, they'll soon the Fat devour:
The Spleen, tint Honour, and affronted Pride,
Stang like the sharpest Goads in Gentry's Side.
The Gouts, and Gravels, and the ill Disease,
Are frequentest with Fowk owrelaid with Ease;
While o'er the Moor the Shepherd with less Care,
Enjoys his sober Wish, and hale some Air.

Rog. Lord, Man, I wonder ay, and it delights
My Heart whene'er I hearken to your Flights.
How gat ye a' that Sense I fain wad lear,
That I may easier Disappointments bear.

Pat. Frae Books, the Wale of Books, I gat some Skill,
These best can teach what's real good and ill:

Ne'er grudge ilk Year to ware some Stanes of Cheese,
To gain these silent Friends that ever please.

Rog. I'll do't, and ye shall tell me which to buy:

Faith I'll see nae Books, tho' I shou'd sell my Ky:

But now let's hear how you're design'd to move

Between Sir *William's* Will and *Peggy's* Love.

Pat. Then here it lyes, — his Will maun be obey'd,

My Vows I'll keep, and she shall be my Bride:

But I some Time this last Design maun hide.

Keep you the Secret close, and leave me here,

I sent for *Peggy*, yonder comes my Dear.

Rog. And proud of being your Secretary, I

To wyle it frae me, a' the Deels defy.

[Exit *Roger*.]

Patie (*solus*.)

With what a Struggle must I now impart

My Father's Will to her that hads my Heart:

I ken she loves, and her fast Soul will sink,

While it stands trembling on the hated Brink

Of Disappointment. — Heaven support my Fair,

And let her Comfort claim your tender Care.

Her Eyes are red —

Enter Peggy.

My *Peggy* why in Tears?

Smile as ye wont, allow nae Room for Fears:

Tho' I'm nae mair a Shepherd, yet I'm thine.

Peg. I dare not think sae high: — I now repine

At the unhappy Chance, that made not me

A gentle Match, but still a Herd kept thee.

Wha can withouten Pain see frae the Coast

The Ship that bears his All, like to be lost?

Like to be earned by some Rever's Hand,

Far frae his Wishes to some distant Land.

Pat. Ne'er quarrel Fate, whilst it with me remains

To raise thee up, or still attend these Plains.

My Father has forbid our Loves, I own:

But Love's superior to a Parent's Frown.

I Falshood hate: Come kiss thy Cares away;

I ken to love as well as to obey.

Sir *William's* generous, leave the Task to me

To make strict Duty and true Love agree.

Peg.

Peg. Speak on! — speak ever thus, and still my Grief,
 But short I dare to hope the fond Relief.
 New Thoughts, a gentier Face will soon inspire,
 That with nice Air swims round in Silk Attire;
 Then I, poor me! — with Sighs may ban my Fate,
 When the young Laird's nae mair my heartsome *Pate*:
 Nae mair again to hear sweet Tales exprest,
 By the Blyth Shepherd that excell'd the rest:
 Nae mair be envied by the tatling Gang,
 When *Pattie* kiss'd me when I danc'd or sang:
 Nae mair, alake! we'll on the Meadow play!
 And rin haff breathless round the Rucks of Hay,
 As aittimes I have fled from thee right fain,
 And fawn on Purpose that I might be tane.
 Nae mair around the *Foggy-Know* I'll creep,
 To watch and stare upon thee, while asleep.
 But hear my Vow, — 'twill help to give me Ease,
 May sudden Death, or deadly fair Disease,
 And warst of Ills attend my wretched Life,
 If e'er to ane but you I be a Wife.

Pat. Sure Heaven approves; — and, be assur'd of me,
 I'll ne'er gang back of what I've sworn to thee:
 And Time, tho' Time maun interpose a while,
 And I maun leave my *Peggy* and this Isle;
 Yet Time, nor Distance, nor the fairest Face,
 If there's a fairer, ere shall fill thy Place.
 I'd hate my rising Fortune, should it move
 The fair Foundation of our faithful Love.
 If at my Foot were Crowns and Scepters laid,
 To bribe my Soul frae thee, delightful Maid;
 For thee I'd soon leave these inferior Things
 To sic as have the Patience to be Kings.
 Wherefore that Tear? Believe and calm thy Mind.

Peg. I greet for Joy, to hear my Love sae kind;
 When Hopes were sunk, and nought but mirk Dispair,
 Made me think Life was little worth my Care:
 My Heart was like to burst, but now I see
 Thy generous Thoughts will save thy Heart for me.
 With Patience then, I'll wait each wheeling Year,
 Dream throw that Night, 'till my Day-star appear;

And all the while I'll study gent'ler Charms
 To make me fitter for my Traveller's Arms:
 I'll gain on Uncle *Glaud*,—he's far frae Fool,
 And will not grudge to put me throw ilk School,
 Where I may manners learn————

Pat. ——— That's wisely said,
 And what he wares that Way shall be well paid.
 Tho' without a' the little Helps of Art,
 Thy native Sweets might gain a Prince's Heart.
 Yet now, lest in our Station we offend,
 We must learn Modes to Innocence unkend:
 Affect aft-times to like the Thing we hate,
 And drap Serenity to keep up State:
 Laugh when we're sad; speak when we've nought to say,
 And, for the Fashion, when we're blyth, seem wae:
 Pay Compliments to them we afthave scorn'd,
 Then scandalize them when their Backs are turn'd.

Peg. If this is Gentry, I had rather be
 What I am still;—but I'll be ought with thee.

Pat. No, no, my *Peggy*, I but only jest
 With Gentry's Apes; for still amangst the best,
 Good Manners give Integrity a Bleez,
 When Native Virtues join the Arts to please.

Peg. Since with nae Hazard, and sae small Expence,
 My Lad frae Books can gather siccan Sence;
 Then why, ah! why, shou'd the tempestuous Sea,
 Endanger thy dear Life, and frighten me?
 Sir *William's* cruel, that wad force his Son,
 For Watna-whats, sae great a Risk to run.

Pat. There is nae Doubt but Travelling does improve,
 Yet I would shun it for thy Sake, my Love:
 But soon as I've shook aff my Landwart Cast
 In foreign Cities, hame to thee I'll haste.

Peg. With every setting Day, and rising Morn,
 I'll kneel to Heaven and ask thy safe Return.
 Under that Tree, and on the *Suckler-Brae*,
 Where aft we wont, when Bairns, to run and play;
 And to the *Hissel-Shaw*, where first ye vow'd
 Ye wad be mine, and I as eithly trow'd,

I'll aften gang, and tell the Trees and Flowers,
With Joy that they'll bear Witnefs I am yours.

Pat. My Dear, allow me frae thy Temples fair,
A shining Ringlet of thy flowing Hair,
Which, as a Sample of each lovely Charm,
I'll aften kifs and wear about my Arm.

Peg. Were ilka Hair that appertains to me
Worth an Estate, they all belong to thee:
My Sheers are ready, take what you demand,
And ought what Love with Virtue may command.

Pat. Nae mair I'll ask; but since we've little Time,
To ware't on Words, wad border on a Crime,
Love's faster Meaning better is exprest,
When its with Kisses on the Heart imprest.

(Here they embrace, and the Courtain's let down.)

End of the Fourth ACT.



ACT V. SCENE I.

PROLOGUE.

*SEE how poor Bauldy stares like ane possesst,
And roars up Symon frae his kindly Rest:
Bare Leg'd, with Night-cap, and unbutton'd Coat,
See the auld Man comes forward to the Sot.*

Sym. **W**HAT want ye, Bauldy, at this silent Hour,
When Nature nods beneath the drowsy Power,
Far to the North the scant approaching Light
Stands equal 'twixt the Morning and the Night.
What gars ye shake and glowre and look sae wan?
Your Teeth they chitter, Hair like Bristles stand.

Ba. O len me soon some Water, Milk, or Ale,
My Head's grown giddy,—Legs with shaking fail;

I'll ne'er darè venture forth at Night my lane:
 Alake! I'll never be my fell again.
 I'll ne'er o'erput it! *Symon*, O *Symon*! O!

[*Symon gives him a drink.*

Sym. What ails thee, Gowk! — to make fac loud ado.
 You've wak'd Sir *William*, he has left his Bed,
 He comes, I fear ill pleas'd; I hear his Tred.

[*Enter Sir William.*

Sir Will. How goes the Night? Does Day-light yet ap-
Symon, you're very tymously asteer. [pear?

Sym. I'm sorry, Sir, that we've disturb'd your Rest; }
 But some strange Thing has *Bauldy's* Sp'rit oppress,
 He's seen some *Witch*, or wrestl'd with a Ghaist. }

Ba. O! ay — dear Sir, in Troth 'tis very true,
 And I am come to make my Plaint to you.

Sir Will. (*smiling.*)

I lang to hear't —

Ba. — Ah! Sir, the Witch caw'd *Maufe*,
 That wins aboon the Mill amang the Haws,
 First promis'd that she'd help me with her Art,
 To gain a bonny thrawart Lassie's Heart:
 As she had trysted, I met wi'er this Night,
 But may nae Friend of mine get sic a Fright!
 For the curs'd Hag, instead of doing me good,
 (The very Thought o't's like to freeze my Blood!)
 Rais'd up a Ghaist, or Deel, I kenna whilk,
 Like a dead Corse in Sheet as white as Milk,
 Black Hands it had, and Face as wan as Death,
 Upon me fast the *Witch* and it fell baith,
 Low's'd down my Brecks, while I like a great Fool,
 Was labour'd as I wot to be at School.
 My Heart out of its Hool was like to lowp,
 I pithless grew with Fear, and had nae Hope,
 Till, with an elritch Laugh, they vanish'd quite,
 Syne I haf dead with Anger, Fear, and Spite,
 Crap up and fled straight frae them, Sir, to you,
 Hoping your Help to gi'e the Deel his Due.
 I'm sure my Heart will ne'er gi'e o'er to dunt,
 Till in a fat Tar Barrel *Maufe* be burnt.

Sir

Sir Will. Well, *Bauldy*, what e'er's just shall granted be,
Let *Maufe* be brought this Morning down to me.

Ba. Thanks to your *Honour*, soon shall I obey,
But first I'll *Roger* raise, and twa three mae,
To catch her fast or she get Leave to squeel,
And cast her Cantraips that bring up the Deel. [*Exit Bauldy.*]

Sir Will. Troth *Symon*, *Bauldy*'s more afraid than hurt,
The Witch and Ghast have made themselves good Sport.
What silly Notions crowd the clouded Mind,
That is throw want of Education blind!

Sym. But does your *Honour* think there's nae sic Thing,
As Witches raising Deels up-throw a Ring,
Syne playing Tricks, a Thousand I cou'd tell,
Cou'd never be contriv'd on this Side Hell.

Sir Will. Such as the Devil's dancing in a Moor,
Amongst a few old Women, craz'd and poor,
Who are rejoyc'd to see him frisk and lowp
O'er Braes and Bogs, with Candles in his Dowp,
Appearing sometimes like a black-horn'd Cow,
Aft-times like *Bawty*, *Badrans*, or a *Sow*;
Then with his Train throw airy Paths to glide,
While they on Cats or Clowns, or Broomstafs ride,
Or in the Egg-shell skim out o'er the Main,
To drink their Leader's Health in *France* or *Spain*;
Then aft be Night, bumbaze Hare-hearted Fools,
By tumbling down their Cup-board, Chairs and Stools.
What e'er's in Spells, or if there Witches be,
Such Whimfies seem the most absurd to me.

Sym. 'Tis true enough, we ne'er heard that a Witch
Had either meikle Sense, or yet was rich:
But *Maufe*, tho' poor, is a sagacious Wife,
And lives a quiet and very honest Life.
That gars me think this Hobleflew that's past
Will land in naithing but a Joke at last.

Sir Will. I'm ture it will;—but see increasing Light,
Commands the Imps of Darknefs down to Night:
Bid raise my Servants and my Horse prepare,
Whilst I walk out to take the Morning Air.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE II.

PROLOGUE.

WHILE Peggy laces up her Bosom fair,
 With a blew Snood Jenny binds up her Hair,
 Glau'd by his Morning Ingle takes a Beek.
The rising Sun shines mottly throw the Reek,
A Pipe his Mouth, the Lasses please his Een,
And now and th n his Joke maun interveen.

Gl. I Wish, my Bairns, it may keep fair till Night,
 Ye do not use so soon to see the Light;
 Nae doubt now ye intend to mix the Thrang,
 To take your Leave of *Patrick* or he gang:
 But, do ye think, that now when he's a Laird,
 That he poor Landwart Lasses will regard.

Jen. Tho' he's young Master now, I'm very sure,
 He has mair Sense than slight auld Friends, tho' poor:
 But Yesterday he ga'e us mony a Tug,
 And kifs'd my Cusin there frae Lug to Lug.

Gl. Ay, ay, nae Doubt o't, and he'll do't again;
 But, be advis'd, his Company refrain:
 Before, he as a Shepherd sought a Wife,
 With her to live a chaste and frugal Life:
 But now, grown gentle, soon he will forsake
 Sic godly Thoughts, and brag of being a Rake.

Peg. A Rake, what's that?—Sure if it means ought ill,
 He'll never be't, else I have tint my Skill.

Gl. Daft Lassie, ye ken nought of the Affair,
 Ane young and good and gentle sunco rare:
 A Rake's a graceless Spark, that thinks nae Shame
 To do what like of us thinks Sin to name:
 Sic are sae void of Shame, they'll never stap
 To brag how aften they have had the Clap;
 They'll tempt young Things like you, with Youdith flusht'd,
 Syne mak ye a' their Jest when ye're debauch'd.
 Be warry then I say, and never ge'e
 Encouragement, or bourd with sic as he.

Peg. Sir *William's* vertuous, and of gentle Blood,
 And may not *Patrick* too, like him, be good.

Gl.

Gl. That's true, and mony Gentry mae than he,
As they are wiser, better are than we;
But thinner sown; they're sae putt up with Pride,
There's mony of them mocks ilk haly Guide,
That shaws the Gate to Heaven;—I've heard my fell,
Some of them laugh at Doomsday, Sin and Heil.

Jen. Watch o'er us, Father! heh, that's very odd,
Sure him that doubts a Doomsday, doubts a God.

Gl. Doubt! why they neither doubt, nor judge, nor think,
Nor hope, nor fear, but curse, debauch and drink:
But I'm no saying this, as if I thought
That *Patrick* to sic Gaits will e'er be brought.

Peg. The LORD forbid!—Na, he kens better Things:
But here comes *Aunt*, her face some ferly brings.

Enter Madge.

Madge. Haste, haste ye, we're a' sent for owre the Gate,
To hear, and help to red some odd Debate
'Tween *Mause* and *Bauldy*, 'bout some Witchcraft Spell,
At *Symon's* House, the Knight sits Judge himsel.

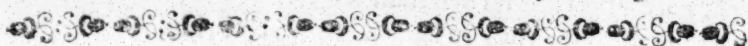
Gl. Lend me my Staff,—*Madge*, lock the Outer-door,
And bring the Lassies wi' ye, I'll step before. [*Exit Gl.*]

Madge. Poor *Meg*!—Look *Jenny*, was the like e'er seen,
How bleer'd and red with greeting look her Een!
This Day her brankan Woer takes his Horse,
To strute a gentle Spark at *Edinburgh* Cross,
To change his Kent cut frae the branchy Plain
For a nice Sword, and glancing headed Cane;
To leave his Ram-horn Spoons and kitted Whey,
For gentler Tea, that smells like new won Hay:
To leave the Green-swaird Dance, when we gae milk,
To rustle amang the Beauties clad in Silk,
But *Meg*, poor *Meg*! maun with the Shepherds stay,
And tak what God will fend in Hodden-gray.

Peg. Dear Aunt, what needs ye fash us wi' your Scorn?
That's no my Faut that I'm nae gentler born.
Gif I the Daughter of some Laird had been,
I ne'er had notic'd *Patie* on the Green:
Now since he rises, why should I repine?
If he's made for another, he'll ne'er be mine:
And then, the like has been, if the Decree
Designs him mine, I yet his Wife may be.

Madge,

Madge. A bony Story trouth!—But we delay;
Prin up your Aprons baith, and come away. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE III.

PROLOGUE.

*Sir Willian fills the Twa-arm'd Chair,
While Symon, Roger, Glaud, and Maufe
Attend, and with loud Laughter hear
Daft Bauldy bluathly plead his Cause:
For now its tell'd him that the Taz
Was handled by revengfu' Madge,
Because he brak good Breeding's Laws,
And with his Nonsense rais'd their Rage.*

Sir Will. **A**ND was that all?—well, *Archbald*, ye was serv'd
No ootherwise than what ye well deserv'd.

Was it so small a Matter to defame,
And thus abuse an honest Woman's Name;
Besides your going about to have betray'd
By Perjury an innocent young Maid?

Baul. Sir, I confes my Fault thro' a' the Steps,
And ne'er again shall be untrue to Neps.

Maufe. Thus far, Sir, he oblig'd me on the Score,
I kend not that they thought me sic before.

Baul. An't like your Honour, I believ'd it well;
But trowth I was e'en doilt to seek the Deel:
Yet with your Honour's Leave, tho' she's nae Witch,
She's baith a flee and a revengfu'——
And that my *Some-place* finds;—but I had best
Had in my Tongue, for yonder comes the *Ghaist*,
And the young bony *Witch*, whase Rosie Cheek,
Sent me without my Wit the Deel to seek.

Enter Madge, Peggy, and Jenny.

Sir Will. (looking at Peggy.)

Whose Daughter's she that wears th' *Aurora* Gown
With Face so fair, and Locks a lovely Brown?
How sparkling are her Eyes! what's this I find?
The Girl brings aill my Sister to my Mind.
Such were the Features once adorn'd a Face,
Which Death too soon depriv'd of sweetest Grace.
Is this your Daughter, *Glaud*.——

Gl.

Gl. _____ Sir, she's my Niece, —
And yet she's not: — but I should had my peace.

Sir Will. This is a Contradiction, what d'ye mean?
She is, and is not! pray thee, *Glaud*, explain.

Gl. Because I doubt if I should mak appear
What I have kept a Secret Thirteen Year.

Mause. You may reveal what I can fully clear.

Sir Will. Speak soon, I'm all Impatience! _____

Pat. _____ So am I!

For much I hope, and hardly yet know why.

Gl. Then since my Master orders, I obey. —

This *Bony Fundling* ae clear Morn of *May*,
Clost by the Lee-Side of my Door I found,
All sweet and clean, and carefully hapt round,
In Infant Weeds of rich and gentle Make.
What cou'd they be, thought I, did thee forsake?
Wha, warfe than Brutes, cou'd leave expos'd to Air
Sae much of Innocence sae sweetly fair,
Sae helpless young; for she appear'd to me,
Only about twa Towmandsauld to be.
I took her in my Arms, the Bairnie smil'd
With sic a Look, wad made a Savage mild.
I hid the Story, she has pass'd sincelyne,
As a poor Orphan, and a Niece of mine:
Nor do I rue my Care about the wean,
For she's well worth the Pains that I have tane,
Ye see she's bony, I can swear she's good,
And am right sure she's come of gentle Blood;
Of whom I kenna, — naithing ken I mair,
Than what I to your Honour now declare.

Sir Will. This Tale seems strange! _____

Pat. _____ The Tale delights my Ear!

Sir Will. Command your Joys, young Man, till Truth
appear.

Mause. That be my Task, -- now, Sir, bid all be hush,
Peggy may smile, — thou hast no Cause to blush.
Long have I wish'd to see this happy Day,
That I might safely to the Truth give Way;
That I may now *Sir William Worth* name
The best and nearest Parent she can claim.

He saw't at first, and with quick Eye did trace,
His Sister's Beautys in her Daughter's Face.

Sir Will. Old Woman, do not rave,--prove what you say;
'Tis dangerous in Affairs like this to play.

Pat. What Reason, Sir, can an old Woman have
To tell a Lie, when she's sae near her Grave?
But how, or why, it should be Truth, I grant,
I every Thing that looks like Reason want.

Omnes. The Story's odd! we wish we heard it out.

Sir Will. Mak haste, good Woman, and resolve each Doubt.

[*Mause goes forward, leading Peggy to Sir William.*]

Mause. Sir, view me well, has Fifteen Years so plow'd
A wrinkled Face that you have often view'd;
'That here I as an unk nown Stranger stand
Whonurs'd her Mother that now holds my Hand :
Yet stronger Proofs I'll give, if you demand.

Sir Will. Ha! honest Nurse! where were my Eyes before ?
I know thy Faithfulness, and need no more ;
Yet from the Lab'rinth, to lead out my Mind,
Say, to expose her who was so unkind ?

[*Sir William embraces Peggy, and makes her sit by him.*]

Sir Will. Yes surely thou'rt my Niece, Truth must pre-
But no more Words till *Mause* relate her Tale. [vail ;

Pat. Good Nurse, dispatch thy Story, wing'd with Blisses,
That I may give my Cusin Fifty Kisses.

Mause. Then it was I that sav'd her Infant-Life,
Her Death being threatned by an Uncle's Wife.
'The Story's slang; but I the Secret knew,
How they pursu'd with avaritious View
Her rich Estate, of which they're now possesst :
All this to me a Confident confest.

I heard with Horror, and with trembling Dread,
'They'd smoor the sakeless Orphan in her Bed.
That very Night, when all were sunk in Rest,
At Midnight-Hour the Floor I fastly prest.
And staw the sleeping Innocent away,
With whom I travel'd some few Miles e'er Day.
All Day I hid me,—when the Day was done,
I kept my Journey, lighted by the Moon,
'Till Eastward fifty Miles I reach'd these Plains,
Where needful Plenty glads your chearful Swains.

Then

Then fear of being found out, I to secure
My *Charge*, I laid her at this Shepherd's Door,
And took a neighbouring Cottage here, that I
What e'er should happen to her, might be by.
Here, honest *Glaud* himsel, and *Symon* may
Remember well how I that very Day,
Frae Roger's Father took my little Crove.

Glaud (with Tears of Joy hanging down his Beard);
I well remember't: Lord reward your Love:
Lang have I wisht for this; for a' I thought,
Sic Knowledge sometime should about be brought.

Pat. 'Tis now a Crime to doubt, — my Joys are full,
With due Obedience to my Parent's Will.
Sir, with paternal Love survey her Charms,
And blame me not for rushing to her Arms:
She's mine by Vows, and would tho' still unknown,
Have been my Wife, when I my Vows durst own.

Sir Will. My Niece, my Daughter, Welcome to my Care,
Sweet Image of thy Mother, good and fair,
Equal with *Patrick*: now my greatest Aim,
Shall be to aid your Joys, and well match'd Flame.
My Boy receive her from your Father's Hand,
With as good Will as either would demand.

[*Patie and Peggy embrace and kneel to Sir William.*]

Pat. With as much Joy this Blessing I receive,
As ane wad Life that's sinking in a Wave.

Sir Will. raises them.

I give you both my Blessing, may your Love
Produce a happy Race, and still improve.

Peg. My Wishes are complete, — my Joys arise,
While I'm haf dizzy with the blest Surprise;
And am I then a Match for my ain Lad,
That for me so much generous Kindness had?
Lang may *Sir William* blest these happy Plains,
Happy while Heaven grant he on them remains.

Pat. Belang our Guardian, still our Master be;
We'll only crave what you shall please to gie;
The Estate be yours, my *Peggy's* ane to me.

Gl. I hope your Honour now will tak amends
Of them that sought her Life for wicked Ends.

}

Sir

Sir Will. The base unnatural Villain soon shall know,
That Eyes above watch the Affairs below :
I'll strip him soon of all to her pertains,
And make him reimburse his ill-got Gains.

Peg. To me the Views of Wealth, and an Estate
Seem light when put in Balance with my Pate:
For his Sake only I'll ay thankful bow,
For such a Kindness, *best of Men*, to you.

Sym. What double Blythness wakens up this Day,
I hope now, Sir, you'll no soon haste away :
Sall I unsaddle your Horse, and gar prepare
A Dinner for ye of hale Country Fare?
See how much Joy unwrinkles every Brow,
Our Looks hing on the Twa, and doat on you :
Even *Bauldy* the Bewitch'd has quite forgot
Fell *Madge's* Taz, and pawky *Mause's* Plot.

Sir Will. Kindly, old Man, remain with you this Day!
I never from these Fields again will stray ;
Masons and *Wrights* shall soon my House repair,
And busy *Gardners* shall new Planting rear.
My Father's hearty Table you soon shall see
Restor'd, and my best Friends rejoyce with me.

Sym. That's the best News I heard this Twenty Year;
New Day breaks up, rough Times begin to clear.

Gl. God save the King, and save *Sir William* lang,
To enjoy their ain, and raise the Shepherd's Sang.

Rog. Wha winna dance, wha will refuse to sing?
What Shepherds Whistle, winna lilt the Spring?

Baul. I'm Friends with *Mause*,---with very *Madge* I'm
Altho' they skelpit me when woodly fleid ; [grec'd,
I'm now fu' blyth, and frankly can forgive,
To join and sing, *Lang may Sir William live*.

Madge. Lang may he live;--and *Archbald* learn to steek
Your Gab a wee, and think before ye speak,
And ne'er ca' her auld that wants a Man,
Else ye may yet some Witches Fingers ban,
This Day I'll with the youngest of ye rant,
And brag for ay that I was ca'd the Aunt
Of our young Lady,---my dear bony Bairn!

Peg. No other Name, I'll ever for you learn :---

And,

And, my good Nurse, how shall I gratefu' be
For a' thy matchless Kindness done for me?

Mause. The flowing Pleasures of this happy Day,
Does fully all I can require repay.

Sir Will. To faithful *Symon*, and kind *Glaud* to you,
And to your Heirs I give in endless Feu,
The Mailens ye possesse as justly due,
For acting like kind Fathers to the Pair,
Who have enough besides, and these can spare.

}

Mause in my House in Calmness close your Days,
With nought to do but sing your Maker's Praise.

Omn. The Lord of Heaven return your Honour's Love,
Confirm your Joys, and a' your Blessing roove.

Patie, (*presenting Roger to Sir Will.*)
Sir, here's my trusty Friend, that always shar'd
My Bosom Secrets e'er I was a Laird,
Glaud's Daughter *Fanet*, (*Fenny* thinkna Shame)
Rais'd and maintains in him a Lover's Flame:
Lang was he dumb, at last he spake and won,
And hopes to be our honest Uncle's Son;
Be pleas'd to speak to *Glaud* for his Consent,
That nane may wear a Face of Discontent.

Sir Will. My Son's Demand is fair— *Glaud*, let me crave,
That trusty *Roger* may your Daughter have
With frank Consent; and while he does remain
Upon these Fields, I make him Chamberlain.

Gl. You crowd your Bounties, Sir, what can we say,
But that we're Dyvours, that can ne'er repay?
What e'er your Honour wills, I shall obey.

}

Roger, my Daughter with my blessing take,
And still our Master's Right your Business make.
Please him, be faithful, and this auld gray Head,
Shall nod with Quietness down amang the Dead.

Rog. I ne'er was good a speaking a' my Days,
Or ever loo'd to mak o'er great a Fraise:
But for my Master, Father, and my Wife,
I will employ the Cares of all my Life.

Sir Will. My Friends, I'm satisfied you'll all behave
Each in his Station as I'd wish or crave.
Be ever virtuous, soon or late ye'll find
Reward and Satisfaction to your Mind.

The

The Maze of Life sometimes look dark and Wild;
 And oft when Hopes are highest, we're beguil'd.
 Att when we stand on Brinks of dark Despair,
 Some happy Turn with Joy dispells our Care.
 Now all's at Rights, who sings best let me hear.

Peg. When you demand, I readyest shou'd obey;
 I'll sing you ane the newest that I hae.

(Sings to the Tune of Corn-riggs are bonny.)

S A N G.

MY PATIE is a Lover gay,
 His Mind is never Muddy;
 His Breath is sweeter than new Hay,
 His Face is fair and ruddy.
 His Shape is handsome, middle Size,
 He's comely in his Wawking,
 The Shining of his Een surprise:
 'Tis Heaven to hear him tawking.

LAST Night I met him on a Bawlk,
 Where Yellow Corn was growing.
 There mony a kindly Word he spake,
 That set my Heart a glowing.
 He kiss'd and vow'd he wad be mine,
 And lood me best of ony,
 That gars me like to sing since syne,
 O Corn-Riggs are bonny.

LET Lasses of a silly Mind
 Refuse what maist they're wanting,
 Since we for yielding were design'd,
 We chastly should be granting.
 Then I'll comply and marry P A T E,
 And syne my Cockernony,
 He's frae to touzel air or late,
 Where Corn-Riggs are bonny.



F I N I S

